the weekly Standard

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A WAR PRESIDENT
JAMES W. CEASER,
FREDERICK W. KAGAN & WILLIAM KRISTOL

# Scientists Behaving Badly

STEVEN F. HAYWARD on the corrupt cabal of global warming alarmists exposed in a massive document leak



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# Israel: A Light unto the Nations

## Those who demonize Israel are either misinformed or malevolent

If that proverbial man from Mars came to visit and read the world's newspapers, especially those in the Arab and Muslim world, he would be convinced that Israel was the most evil nation in the world and the source of all of the world's strife.

### What are the facts?

**A nation to be emulated.** The reality, of course, is that Israel is a nation, a society, that should be admired and emulated by many countries in the world. The very fact of how the State of Israel came into being is one of the most inspiring in history. Born out of the ashes of the Holocaust, it has emerged as one of the most advanced, productive and prosperous countries in the world.

The demonization of Israel, assiduously cultivated by the Muslim world, has reached a crescendo following Israel's recent defensive action in Gaza. Instead of being grateful to the hated Jews for having totally withdrawn, the Palestinian Gazans showed their gratitude by almost daily pounding Israeli towns with close to 10,000 rockets and bombs. After countless warnings, Israel ultimately decided to put an end to this travesty.

> "As the prophet Isaiah presaged: Israel is indeed a Light unto the Nations."

When Israel finally did invade Gaza it took the most elaborate precautions not to hurt civilians. As a first in the history of warfare, Israel dropped tens of thousands of leaflets, warning the population and urging it to abandon areas in which military action would take place. The Israeli military made thousands of phone calls urging people to leave areas that would come under attack. But fighting in a densely populated environment is difficult and loss of civilian life is hard to avoid. Hamas fighters wear no uniforms. It is impossible to tell them from civilians. Is a person who allows a rocket launcher in his backyard a civilian or a fighter? And how about using schools, hospitals and mosques as munitions depots and staff centers? The hue and cry of Israel's demonizers in accusing it of "disproportionate force" is totally absurd. The ultimate insult, comparing Israel to the Nazis, is freely bandied about by Israel's detractors.

**Israel is not an "apartheid state."** Another familiar tack of Israel's vilifiers is to call it an "apartheid state," on the model of former South Africa. But that is so ridiculous, so preposterous, it is hard to believe that serious people can countenance it. The exact opposite is the case. Israel is the only country in its benighted neighborhood in which people of all colors and religions prosper and have equal rights. Israel, expending substantial effort, rescued tens of thousands of black Jews from Ethiopia. And it has given assistance and absorbed countless Christian expatriates from Sudan, who escaped from being slaughtered by their Muslim countrymen. Israel's over one million Arab citizens enjoy the same rights and privileges as their Jewish fellows. They are represented in the Knesset, Israel's parliament, and are members of its bureaucracy, of its judiciary, and of its diplomatic service.

All over the world, Leftists, including in the United States and, sad to say, even in Israel itself, tirelessly condemn and vilify Israel. Why would they do that? First, of course, there is good old-fashioned anti-Semitism. Second, many of those who hate the United States vent their poison on Israel, which they consider being America's puppet in that area of the world. But Israel should certainly get top grades in all areas important to the Left. In contrast to all its enemies, Israel has the same democratic institutions as the United States. All religions thrive freely in Israel. Also, in contrast to all of its enemies, women have the same rights as men. The Chief Justice of Israel's Supreme Court is a woman. One-sixth of the Knesset are women. Compare that to Saudi Arabia, a medieval theocracy, where women are not allowed to drive cars, where they cannot leave the country without permission of a male relative, and where they can be and often are condemned to up to 60 lashes if the "modesty police" deems them not to be properly dressed in public. Gays and lesbians are totally unmolested in Israel; in the surrounding Muslim countries they would be subjected to the death penalty.

In spite of demonization and vilification by so much of the world, Israel is indeed a Light unto the Nations. The State of Israel is the foremost creation of the Jewish enterprise and Jewish intellect that has benefited every country in which Jews dwell, certainly our own country, the United States. Second only to the United States itself, Israel is the world's most important factor in science and technology, way out of proportion to the small size of its population. Israeli Jews are at the forefront of the arts, the sciences, law and medicine. They have brought all these sterling qualities to bear in building their own country: Israel. By necessity, they have also become outstanding in agriculture and, most surprisingly, in the military. What a shame that the Arabs opted not to participate in this progress and this prosperity and chose instead the path of revenge, of Jihad and of martyrdom. As the prophet Isaiah presaged: Israel is indeed a Light unto the Nations.

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# Everybody in the pool.

THE REGULATORY OVERHAUL SHOULD INCLUDE THE ENTIRE FINANCIAL INDUSTRY.

Just over a year ago, America's economic future was on the verge of drowning. We've now got our heads above water, but we can do better. **We need a modern regulatory system for the *entire* financial industry—including property and casualty insurance.** As an active industry leader, Allstate has a few ideas to better protect American consumers and keep our country afloat.

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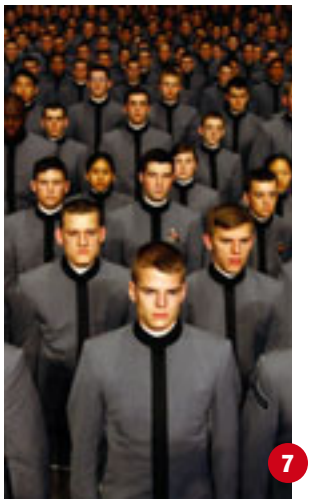

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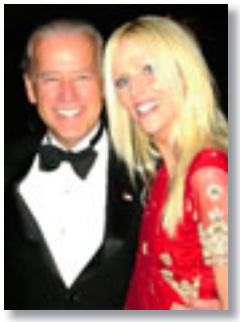
# The Gate Crash of 2009

The city of Washington has been collectively aghast at the spectacle of Michaela and Tareq Salahi, the fun couple from Virginia wine country who seem to have talked their way into the first state dinner of the Obama administration.

Of course, the White House is furious that the fawning press coverage of the dinner for the Indian prime minister was instantly superseded by the saga of the well-groomed gatecrashers. The White House has also battened down on behalf of Desiree Rogers, the Obama friend/fundraiser and White House social secretary (the bureaucrat in charge of such events) who seems to have been more interested in inviting herself to the dinner and getting photographed with celebrities than with doing her job. So while the habitually camera-ready Desiree Rogers has disappeared from public view, the Secret Service, which waved the Salahis through, has been falling on its sword in a variety of venues, including at an emergency congressional hearing on this breach of security.

The Scrapbook, for its part, takes a considerably more sanguine view of the crisis. First, you can't help but applaud the banana peel on which Rogers has so spectacularly tripped, and any occurrence that takes the imperious Secret Service down a peg or two can't be all bad. The Scrapbook keeps a running log of gratuitous street closings in the nation's capital, quarter-mile processions of tinted-window SUVs (sirens screaming) transporting the secretary of housing and urban development back from lunch, not to mention agents who grimace, yell, threaten, curse at innocent bystanders, prevent people from walking down sidewalks, force unlucky citizens to stand in the rain, and otherwise make life unpleasant for people who happen to live or work within a mile or two of the White House.



**Veep meets gatecrasher**

Second, while the Salahis may not be the sort of people whose company you would necessarily crave, The Scrapbook has to admire their sheer moxie in presuming to talk their way into the most ostentatiously guarded building in America, and enjoying the hospitality of the most sought-after social event in the capital city. Apparently, people in Washington are shocked to discover that there are couples of dubious character, confidence men, publicity hounds, and skilled purveyors of b.s. in Washington.

Indeed, there is a grand tradition of talented fakes in our culture and history—from the Duke and the King in *Huckleberry Finn* to the Grand Duchess Anastasia on to Howard Hughes's "autobiography"—and the Salahis appear to have arrived from central casting. As far as The Scrapbook can tell, Tareq and Michaela broke no laws in talking their way onto the White House grounds, and as the mile-wide grin on Vice President Biden's face would suggest, they seem to have been a delightful addition to the evening's festivities.

And fitting symbols of the Hope and Change in Obama's Washington. ♦

## No Love for Whistleblowers?

Elsewhere in this issue Steven F. Hayward does a dandy, and comprehensive, job of explaining Climategate, the worst news for global warming since last week's snowfall in Houston. What fascinates The Scrapbook, in particular, is the little ways in which this devastating revelation about the junk science of climate change is being treated in the mainstream media—to the extent that it is being treated at all—and the swift reaction of the most important member of Congress on the issue, Chairman Barbara Boxer (D-Calif.) of the Senate Environment and Public Works Committee.

Boxer, last seen in these precincts when she berated a general for calling her "Ma'am" instead of "Senator," is plenty angry about Climategate. Not about the corruption among the climate scientists, but the means by which the shocking evidence came to light. "You call it 'Climategate,'" she told a committee colleague, "I call it 'email-theft-gate.'" And she threatens to hold hearings on the leak. "This is a crime," she says.

In the past, when confidential information or correspondence has been leaked to the press, especially if it revealed evidence of criminal wrongdoing, the media referred to the leaker as a "whistleblower." As in: Those courageous "whistleblowers" who swiped confidential files from Big Tobacco or Big Oil, or the Bush era "whistleblowers" who handed over classified information about the war on terror to the *New York Times* or *Washington Post* for publication. Careful readers will note that news stories tend to refer to the "hackers" who uncovered Climategate, not the "whistleblowers."

So let's get this straight, please: The heroic patriots who liberate information that embarrasses private companies, or Republican presidents, are called "whistleblowers," and showered with praise and depicted in movies by Tom Hanks or Julia Roberts. But the sniveling malcontents who steal private property in order to undermine the obvious, peer-reviewed, universally held, thousand-percent scientific consensus on global warming are "hackers." That's not a term of praise; and as Boxer would say, they should be



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hunted down, prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law, and convicted by a jury of whistleblowers. ♦

## Snowe Steps Up

Republican Senator Olympia Snowe, the Maine moderate, has never earned her way onto the list of The Scrapbook's favorite members of Congress. Her decision to vote for the wretched stimulus package last February was but one of the more egregious of her transgressions.

But now, with the fate of Obamacare at stake in the Senate, she's emerged as a powerful voice for, as she says, "effective, common-sense, *bipartisan* legislation to reduce skyrocketing costs and ensure affordable health insurance for the people of the nation." The italics are hers to emphasize the importance of having both parties involved in sweeping domestic legislation like health care reform.

Snowe made that point and others equally trenchant in a little-noticed but excellent speech in the Senate on November 20. "The *bottom line* is, policies that affect more than *300 million people* simply *should not* be decided by partisan, one-vote-margin strategies." Again the italics are hers in the transcript of her speech.

Her ire was directed at Senate majority leader Harry Reid (though not by name), his Obamacare bill, and the rush to get it passed. "Because the *American people* understand *intuitively* that, when you're debating the future of one-sixth of our economy and a matter of such personal and financial significance to every American, we shouldn't be railroading solutions along partisan lines," she declared. "If there's one thing I've learned from more than 30 years of legislative experience, it's that the *only way* to allay people's fears is by *systematically* working through the *concerns* . . . the *issues* . . . *and* the alternatives."

Think what would have happened if Social Security, Medicare, and civil rights bills were enacted this way. Could they "have been as strongly woven into the fabric of our nation had they passed by only one vote and on purely partisan lines?" Her vote against the motion to proceed with Reid's bill was her answer—no.

Snowe had numerous specific objections. She abhors the "government-sponsored plan"—the public option—and wants fewer tax hikes and less bureaucracy. Plus, Snowe wants every American to be able to buy cheap catastrophic health insurance.

Because she voted for the now-defunct Baucus bill in the Senate Finance Committee, Snowe has been considered Reid's potential hole card in seeking 60 votes to pass Obamacare. If Joe Lieberman bolts and votes with Republicans, Reid will tweak the bill to accommodate Snowe. Her speech was a message to Reid: If you're counting on Snowe, you'll lose. ♦

## Fictiongate!

Hard on the heels of the embarrassing document dump from the University of East Anglia's Climate Research Unit comes a shocking hack of insider emails from the University of East Anglia's renowned creative writing course, obtained by Scrapbook humorist-in-chief Sam Schulman. We can't vouch for their authenticity.

To: Amit Chaudhuri, Trezza Azzopardi, Angela Carter, Rose Tremain, Michèle Roberts, Patricia Duncker, David Lodge, Hugo Williams, Maggie Gee, Adam Mars Jones, Fleur Adcock, Ali Smith, Louis de Bernières, Richard Holmes, Kazuo Ishiguro, Ian McEwan, Graham Swift, Rose Tremain.

From: AC17@uea.ac.uk <Andrew



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Cowan, Director>
Subject: Creative Writing Denialism again—in the Independent!

People, look, we have not come through! I suppose everyone's seen Anita Desai's attack on Creative Writing MA programmes—in the Independent of all places: "Even though I have taught creative writing programmes, they are awful." I tried to respond—but I'm not sure that saying we "'ready' a writer for the long years of solitary invention ahead" was all that helpful. Any thoughts?

From ian@cbe.co.uk
What really ticked me off was little Tracy Chevalier spouting off—"A course will only take you so far. The rest of it is down to the spark that certain people have, and other people don't. Courses can't give you that spark." Dammit, it was no divine spark who took Tracy's ms about Francis Bacon's mistress—"The Bint with the Auschwitz Tattoo"—and turned it into the "Girl with a Pearl Earring." It was effing ME!

From KaziMan@IshiguroLtd.co.uk
Calm down, Ian—you've got to get over Scarlett Johansson being in Tracy's film!

From Holmes.Richard@GarrickClub.org.uk
LOL

From David@WhiteMan.co.uk
The truth is that we can't predict what Creative Writing student will win a Booker, and it's a travesty!

From Trezza@UEACreativeWriting.co.uk
That's ridiculous, David. We've had 15 of us in Man Booker lists in the 2000s—one winner, 10 shortlists, four judges. That's a complete reversal of the '90s, when our total was like five.

From AC17@uea.ac.uk
Yes, and in the '80s it was 14. There's no explanation in the computer models for our performance in the '90s. It took us all by surprise.

From ian@cbe.co.uk
BULL! There is an explanation—we weren't doing the same kind of tricks—making the same kind of manuscript adjustments in the '90s. Rose—a few years back you showed me an absolutely hopeless ms from Anne Enright about a happy-go-lucky Irish family down on their luck but jolly well making the best of things.

From Rose@whyareyousored.co.uk
I remember, Ian—you called it "Little House in the Bog" <grin>!

From Graham@waterland.co.uk

From ian@cbe.co.uk
It's not funny, Rose—and stop texting me, Swift! This is important. I took that POS ms and turned it into "The Gathering"—a book that those Thatcherites at the Telegraph couldn't stand. Remember what they said? "Depressive Irish saga wins the Booker Prize." We know what we're doing, and we shouldn't be ashamed of doing it. The respectable literary press understands. I was just talking to Sam Tanenhaus about this at the Century Club.

From KaziMan@IshiguroLtd.co.uk
Wow, Ian—I'm impressed. Did you run into Jack Shafer while you were in the States?

From Graham@Waterland.co.uk

From AC17@uea.ac.uk
Speaking of respectable literary press—I'm going to ring Roger at the Indie to see if we can do something with this Arifa Akbar woman who did that denialist interview with la Desai—at least get her to see that she is being used. I hope I don't have to give her the full Sarah Nelson treatment.

From Ali.Smith@CondeNastLondon.co.uk
You mean the former editor-in-chief of Publishers Weekly? Brilliant!

From ian@cbe.co.uk
Andrew, Trezza—you're on the front lines every day. Your job is to hide the '90s Booker decline. My job—along with David, Rose, Angela, and anyone else who will help is to adjust student mss so that they fit the Booker curve (I know you're busy with Harvey Weinstein these days, Kazi—I hope he really does have the money).

From KaziMan@IshiguroLtd.co.uk
More power to your elbow, Ian. Here's a hint: Just make 'em look like I wrote 'em.

What do you think—is this the smoking gun? ♦


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# To the Shores of Tripoli

Surely there are worse PR gigs than flacking for the Libyan government, but I can't think of many. It's not that there's never good news emanating from the province of Colonel Muammar Qaddafi, who's displayed humility throughout his 40-year dictatorial reign by never promoting himself to generalissimo (in his less demure moments, he calls himself the "King of Kings").

For even when Qaddafi dismantles his weapons programs or is removed from the State Department's state sponsors of terrorism list after 27 years near the top of the charts, it's still a one-step-forward-ten-steps-back proposition. Such as when he suggests abolishing Switzerland, or welcomes back the Lockerbie bomber, or asserts that the swine flu was created in U.S. military labs, or denounces sodomy in a speech at the U.N. Or such as when he calls Condoleezza Rice "my little black African woman," or when he shows up with his phalanx of Kalashnikov-toting all-virgin female bodyguards called the "Nuns of the Revolution," or when he suggests Israelis and Palestinians live together in a land called "Isratine" (which sounds less like a one-state solution, more like a muscle-building supplement for Jewish power lifters).

The guy has issues. So even when the philanthropic foundation of his sophisticated, Westernized son and heir apparent, Saif al-Islam al-Qaddafi, has its PR firm fly in a bunch of junketeering reporters to prove what reasonable, America-friendly cuddle-bears the Libyans have become, there's a unique Qaddafi twist: an invitation to meet a mess of Islamic terrorists released from prison who've renounced violence and issued a revised code of jihad called *The Book of Correctional Studies*.

From the moment I touched down in Tripoli on this mission, I had the sensation that I was being watched. Not by secret police. But by a pock-marked F. Murray Abraham-with-a-jheri-curl doppelgänger who looked like he'd swallowed a fistful of Clozapine. No worries. It was just Qaddafi. His likeness is everywhere. There he is in ceremonial fez, there in his batwing Jim-Jones sunglasses, there in his Captain-Crunch epaulets. Oil might be what makes Libya go, but savvy investors should try to get a cut of the Qaddafi billboard-propaganda contract.

DAVE CLARK

I didn't have long to take in Tripoli's charms. Luckily, it has few. The architecture not left behind by a daisy chain of occupiers looks like a Soviet planner was trying to unload his ugly-apartment-building surplus. Nightlife? It has none. "It's not a fun place," admitted our American flack escort. "Egypt is Adventureland by comparison." At the souk, I had my pick of authentic Libyan wares, like a Julio Iglesias CD, a Qaddafi watch, and a used toilet. "It very good," promised the toilet-barker. After a walk on the beach by the Mediterranean, or rather, on the plastic bottles that litter it, I returned to my hotel room for a Libyan beer, which is like a regular beer except without the delicious alcohol. (It's a dry country, and it shows.)

The terrorists themselves, members of the Libyan Islamic Fighting Group, weren't much livelier. We shuffled between appointments at their houses, downing pear juice and pastries in their sitting rooms while working them over for hours with bad translators. Dressed in khakis and sweater vests, they looked less like jihadists than accountants from Scranton.

Their stories had a sameness: Go to Afghanistan to fight the Soviets (who were almost gone when they got there, but pre-Al Jazeera, news traveled slow), then disperse to the world's anti-Western hotspots—Yemen, Sudan, London. They fell in with the wrong crowd: al Qaeda. But mainly they just wanted to kill Qaddafi, leaving us Westerners with a quandary typical in the Middle East: Who to root against? They weren't very good at it. In years, they only came close once, throwing a grenade at the colonel that didn't go off. They should've recruited Ronald Reagan, who got a little closer in 1986.

As they talk, a minder from the Office of International Cooperation scribbles notes. (After reading the human rights reports on Libyan prisons, one has a suspicion of how cooperation is achieved.) Now, after years of jailhouse reeducation, they've been rethinking their jihadist drink. Their turn-ons include mouthing tepid support for Qaddafi. Their turn-offs include killing civilians, which they consider bad juju (pun intended for the good people of Isratine).

All they really want, they say, are normal lives. That, and patronage jobs, which Qaddafi is giving them. It's an odd tactic. But let's hope it works, Qaddafi employing his former aspiring assassins by taking the Huey Long approach to fighting terror: Every man, a King of Kings.

**Matt Labash**



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# Support the President

President Obama has ordered sufficient reinforcements to Afghanistan to execute a war strategy that can succeed. We applaud this decision. And we urge everyone to rally round the effort to defeat our enemies and accomplish objectives vital to America's national security.

Obama's decision, and the speech in which it was announced, were not flawless. The president should have met his commander's full request for forces. He should not have announced a deadline for the start of the withdrawal of U.S. forces. He should have committed to a specific and significant increase in the size of the Afghan National Security Forces. He should also have explained more clearly the relationship between defeating the Taliban and defeating al Qaeda, the significance of such a victory, and the reasons his Afghan strategy can succeed. The secretaries of defense and state, as well as the chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, made those arguments far more compellingly in subsequent congressional testimony than the president did at West Point.

*Obama's West Point audience*

NEWSCOM

We shouldn't miss the forest for the trees, however. When all the rhetorical and other problems are stripped away, the fact remains that Obama has, in his first year in office, committed to doubling our forces in Afghanistan and embraced our mission there. Indeed, the plan the president announced on Tuesday features a commendably rapid deployment of reinforcements to the theater, with most of the surge forces arriving over the course of this winter, allowing them to be in position before the enemy's traditional fighting season begins.

The bottom line: Our very capable field commander, General Stanley McChrystal, will have 100,000 American troops by the middle of next year to take the fight to the enemy and regain the initiative in the war. General McChrystal has expressed confidence in his ability to execute his strategy with these resources. He and his superior in the chain of command, General David Petraeus, have earned the right to the nation's confidence in their judgment.

It's also important to note that General McChrystal and his forces have not stood still for the last four months, as the president pondered his options. They have moved rapidly to set the conditions to take advantage of the surge of forces, accomplishing a number of important tasks that will make the job of taking the fight to the enemy in 2010 much easier.

Problems of command-and-control in particular have bedeviled our efforts in Afghanistan, especially in the south where the fight is the most important right now. British forces have been focused on Helmand and Canadian on Kandahar—such that the regions were often called "Helmandshire" and "Canadahar"—but there was no unified approach even within Regional Command South (commanded until recently by a Dutch general without a full staff working for him), let alone between the south and the U.S.-controlled Regional Command East. There was also no operational command in Afghanistan equivalent to the Multinational Corps-Iraq structure. The effort to train Afghan security forces was run from a headquarters that was not part of the same command structure as the U.S. and allied troops on the ground fighting.

These deficiencies made the development and execution of a coherent, theater-wide strategy for fighting the insurgency and building up Afghan forces almost impossible. They generated friction between allies and between the coalition and the Afghans. They played an important role in the deterioration of the situation to this point.

All have now been corrected. Lieutenant-General David Rodriguez (who previously commanded a division in Afghanistan) heads a newly created joint command similar to the Multinational Corps-Iraq headed so successfully by General Ray Odierno during the 2007 surge. Lieutenant-General William Caldwell heads the new NATO training



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command. The British have deployed a full division headquarters to take control in Regional Command South and enact a coherent plan for the entire region that fits perfectly with McChrystal's overall theater strategy.

Another major flaw in the U.S. and NATO approach to the Afghan conflict was the failure to understand the full nature and scale of the challenge. Some NATO countries did not want to admit that they were fighting a war or a counterinsurgency and such language was avoided. The mission was understood to be supporting the Afghan government without addressing its endemic corruption and abuse of power. Economic activities focused on development—as though what mattered about Afghanistan was its poverty rather than the insurgency.

Additional NATO forces arriving in Afghanistan now know that they are going to fight a counterinsurgency war. General McChrystal's assessment noted that the failings of the Afghan government are as much of a challenge as the enemy's capabilities. The commanders are well aware that they must do more than "connect the government with the people" (the previous mantra), but must also reform and restrain the government while strengthening it. The American aid community and parts of the international aid community are also changing their approaches to recognize that defeating the insurgency and providing security are the prerequisites to development and anti-poverty efforts.

General McChrystal has in addition improved the effectiveness of the forces he has under his command today. He pulled U.S. troops out of isolated and remote outposts where they were in some cases more targets for the enemy than components of a coherent offensive strategy. He has also taken steps to reduce Afghan civilian casualties.

Perhaps most important, he has transformed the way allied forces work to build the capacity of Afghan Security Forces, importing critical lessons from our experience in Iraq. In addition to mentoring and advising Afghan units with small numbers of embedded trainers, General McChrystal has ordered American combat units to partner with their Afghan counterparts. They plan and conduct operations together as units, share intelligence, and fight together. As we saw in Iraq, a partnership at all levels is the fastest and most effective way to build indigenous combat forces, and it will be the model for U.S. and allied training efforts in Afghanistan from now on.

All of these changes create the conditions in which the deployment of additional American combat forces may be able to achieve decisive results over the next 18 months. This would be even easier if our civilian leadership in the country integrated their efforts with the military's as was done in Iraq in 2007. Ambassador Ryan Crocker and his team were almost as crucial to our success in Iraq as General David Petraeus. And the fact that Crocker and Petraeus worked hand-in-glove was of inestimable value. President Obama owes it to our troops—and to the American people—to try to replicate that happy conjunction of civilian and military effort in Afghanistan.

**Both parties have agreed the war in Afghanistan is vital to our national interest. With tens of thousands of American soldiers already on the line and more on the way—we should get beyond the squabbling.**

Nothing is certain in war, and the enemy always gets a vote, but we can be confident that the strategy and forces that will be in place in Afghanistan early next year have a good chance of success. And success will mean more than merely reversing the Taliban's momentum. Taken together with the recent achievements of the Pakistani military against that country's separate but related Taliban movements, success in Afghanistan could mark a turning point in the struggle against Islamism in South Asia. In this way, our efforts over the next couple of years in Afghanistan are not simply the assumption of a distressing duty; they are the seizing of an important opportunity in the global struggle in which we're engaged.

National security has been a polarizing issue in American politics for a long time. Democrats—including, unfortunately, many in the Obama administration—still want to blame the Bush administration for all our woes. Republicans can't resist focusing on the flaws in the president's plan and annoying aspects of his West Point speech. Everyone wants to relitigate past fights. In the case of Afghanistan—a war both parties have agreed is vital to our national interest, with tens of thousands of American soldiers already on the line and more on the way—we should get beyond the squabbling.

Republicans will have the opportunity—and the responsibility—to criticize this administration's policies toward Iran, China, and Russia; its defense budgets; and its detainee policies, to say nothing of its domestic policy initiatives. Democrats will respond. But the president's announcement of a sound and feasible strategy in Afghanistan gives us a chance to show to ourselves and the world that politics really can stop at the water's edge when the nation's safety is at stake and our troops are fighting on our behalf.

So we say: Support the troops. Support the mission. Support the president.

*—Frederick W. Kagan and William Kristol*



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# No Minarets, Please

## We're Swiss.

BY CHRISTOPHER CALDWELL

THOMAS FLUHARTY

Eveline Widmer-Schlumpf, the Swiss justice minister, took to the airwaves as soon as her fellow citizens voted by a landslide majority to write a ban on minarets into their constitution. She wanted to make clear to the world that this was "not a vote against Islam." Her government issued a press release to that effect in Arabic.

The best piece of evidence that this was indeed a vote against Islam is that those who supported a "Yes" vote were not willing to avow it. "Yes" took 58 percent of the vote on November 29. But no poll in the weeks leading up to the vote found more than 37 percent of the public willing to say so. French Switzerland (including Geneva) rejected the constitutional ban; German Switzerland (including Zurich) voted for it.

No one suspected (or wanted to believe) that the low poll numbers reflected anything other than the smallness of the problem. Switzerland has lots of immigrants, but they are mostly tax exiles and rich retirees. Its Muslim population of 400,000—just over 5 percent of a country of 7.7 million—is not by Western European standards large. Switzerland has about 150 mosques but only four minarets, with two more in the works. The sort of social dislocation that has led elsewhere to strife between natives and immigrants is absent: Switzerland's unemployment rate, even now, is under 5 percent. It has not had a major terrorist incident.

But there is a more pessimistic way of looking at all of these things. That 20th of the Swiss population that professes Islam came primarily from the Balkan countries during the wars of the early 1990s—the Muslim presence in Switzerland until then was negligible. Should this population grow at its present rate for another half a generation, Switzerland will have Muslim minorities on the scale of Belgium's or France's. While the unemployment rate is low, it is growing, and four-fifths of the new claimants for benefits in October hold foreign passports, according to the *Frankfurter Allgemeine Zeitung*.

People should have realized what a tinderbox this outwardly calm country was, especially considering the overwhelming popularity of the Swiss People's party (SVP), which is highly skeptical of (and blunt to the point of rudeness about) immigration. A 2007 campaign poster urging the extradition of criminal foreigners brought condemnations for racism and caught the world's attention. The world was less attentive to the elections' result—it gave the SVP almost a third of the seats in the federal council, making it the mightiest political party the country has seen since the close of World War I.

Meanwhile, the Swiss are being asked, in many ways, to discard their national identity and content themselves with a new one. Part of the problem is banking. In recent years, Switzerland has eliminated almost every vestige of its banking secrecy, mostly as a result of U.S.-related

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complaints. Washington insisted on openness for a number of reasons: terrorist accounts, class-war rhetoric from U.S. politicians about Benedict Arnold billionaires, and a massive tax fraud case against the Swiss giant UBS.

But a bigger role in Switzerland's discomfiture has been played by Tripoli. The Swiss import over 40,000 barrels of Libyan oil each day, and Muammar Qaddafi is seldom out of the Swiss news these days. Britain, of course, suffered a great loss of face last summer when it released the Lockerbie terrorist Abdelbaset al-Megrahi, probably in exchange for business considerations. But that humiliation is as nothing compared to what Switzerland has undergone.

In the summer of 2008, Qaddafi's son Hannibal was arrested in a luxury hotel in Geneva for beating two of his servants. This sort of thing has happened to him on many occasions in many European capitals. (In 2005, he pulled a 9mm machine pistol on gendarmes at the Intercontinental Hotel in Paris.) Usually, Libya claims diplomatic immunity and works to spring their man through behind-the-scenes negotiation, and that is exactly what happened in the Geneva case. Unfortunately, Hannibal spent 36 hours in jail before it did. His family vowed "an eye for an eye." Libya briefly stopped shipments of oil and arrested—or took hostage, if you want to put it less euphemistically—two Swiss businessmen who happened to be in Tripoli. The price of their release, it was made clear, would be an apology from the Swiss government. So in August, Hans-Rudolf Merz, the Swiss equivalent of a prime minister, flew to Libya to apologize for "the unjust arrest of Libyan diplomats by Geneva police," signed a written agreement to appoint a neutral arbitrator, and did not rule out arresting the police officers who had arrested Hannibal. At that point, Qaddafi put him back on the plane without the hostages.

*Posters from the Swiss People's party: 'Yes to a ban on minarets' (top); 'Make us safe' (middle); 'Stop mass immigration' (bottom)*

Last week, two days after the minaret referendum, the hostages were sentenced to more than a year in prison. This is probably just the aroma of Muslim wrath, not the meal itself. One assumes Switzerland is at the beginning of economic pressures resembling those put on Denmark at the height of the cartoon crisis. The Swiss chocolate giant Nestlé, for instance, is by some measures the largest producer of halal food in the world and will surely be a target of agitators. Daniel Cohn-Bendit, the French politician, has urged rich Muslims to remove their money from Swiss bank accounts.

That will not change the result in Switzerland. Very little can, at least domestically. Unlike the United States, Switzerland does not have the kind of courts that act as brakes on inconvenient referendum results. Pressure to "reverse" the verdict or to hold a "re-vote" will come from abroad. A case against Switzerland will almost certainly be brought before the European Court of Human Rights. Meanwhile, the same distorted picture of public sentiment that appeared in polls before the referendum is being replicated in spectacles in the aftermath. The government, business consortia, most trade unions, several political parties, all manner of marchers, and a virtual unanimity of writers, intellectuals, and artists have spoken out against the referendum's result.

Even so, the vote has shaken politics all over Europe, if only because politicians elsewhere realize their countries have the same silent majorities and are trying to figure out how to address them without ticking off all those intellectuals and business groups. A typical encounter came in France, where integration minister Eric Besson sought to distinguish his own government's attempts to ban the burqa (the head-to-toe covering that some strict Muslim women wear) from the minaret referendum. The former was a matter of women's rights, he said. The latter was a matter of "urbanism."

No, it wasn't. ♦

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# A War President and His Party

## Will Democrats be able to keep from criticizing Obama on Afghanistan? BY JAMES W. CEASER

President Obama faces the unprecedented challenge of being a war president in charge of a peace party. His emergence in this new role less than a week before he picks up his Nobel Peace Prize in Oslo has been some time in coming. It was one thing for Obama to speak of Afghanistan as the good war during his presidential campaign, when the military situation appeared stable, or even during the first months of his presidency, when there was hope that adding more troops, as he did last spring, could bring the situation quickly under control.

All the early signals of the administration, from the hasty promise to close Guantánamo to the jettisoning of the term "war on terror," were calculated to make Obama into a peacetime president and leave the lingering difficulties of continuing military activity to be blamed on his predecessor. But reality came knocking in the form of mounting opposition from the enemy in Afghanistan. Forced to decide between losing a war and embracing a surge of his own, Obama finally chose the military option. He is now, openly and explicitly, a leader at war, and war exerts a logic of its own. It is no friend to reluctance or nuance. If war is to be waged, it must not be done half-heartedly, but, to use the president's words, with "resolve unwavering." The greater part of Obama's problem may be prosecuting it from within the modern Democratic party.

Americans sometimes forget how often our wars have been contested politically, but one thing that all war presidents could traditionally count on was support from their own party. In the nation's first three wars—the War of 1812, the Mexican-American War, and the Civil War—Presidents Madison, Polk, and Lincoln each faced enormous pressure from the opposition, but their own party stood firmly behind them. There was much greater bipartisanship, at least once war broke out, in the Spanish American War, World War I, World War II, and Korea, although the opposition party was sometimes open in challenging how the war was being conducted. Again, the president's party would generally rally to his side.

The Vietnam war broke this pattern. Both political parties signed on to the war, with Republicans initially seeming to adopt the usual role of the opposition party of raising questions about how it was fought. But by 1967, a growing peace movement with connections to parts of the Democratic party began to turn on the war, and President Johnson, seeing the writing on the wall, withdrew from the 1968 nomination contest. The Democratic party then emerged as a peace party, opposing President Nixon and trying to force a withdrawal. Justifying this change, many Democrats claimed not just that they had reassessed the situation, but they experienced a fundamental change of heart and philosophy.

It was now a new Democratic party, with a new view of the world and of the character of international relations. Democrats would prove remarkably true to their new "peace" orientation, compelling an exit from Vietnam, imposing severe limitations on the intelligence services, and calling for new restrictions on presidential authority in foreign affairs. Jimmy Carter entered office in 1977 decrying the nation's inordinate fear of communism, and Democrats during the Reagan years openly scoffed at the president's hard line against the Soviet Union—labeling him a warmonger. The peace movement reached its apex in the vote on the Gulf war in 1991, when a strong majority of Democrats in both houses of Congress voted against approving it. The pressure was so great that even many reputed moderates, like Senator Sam Nunn of Georgia, went with the party.

President Clinton in his second term seemed to begin to move his party away from its peace position, and Democrats willingly backed him in a war against Serbia over Kosovo. For a time, Democrats even floated a new doctrine, known as humanitarian intervention, which would sanction the use of force in instances of the most egregious tyranny and abuse. Tellingly, however, Clinton fought for Kosovo from the air alone, not risking any troops on the ground. It may have been his calculation that Democrats would support a war only as long as there were no American casualties.

The attacks of 9/11 opened a new phase. As with the assault on Pearl Harbor, Democrats and Republicans joined together almost unanimously in support of military action. The Democrats' backing of the Afghan war resolution must be taken at face value; at the same time, given the party's history, it is impossible not to wonder whether Democrats would have "stayed the course" under a Republican president if the Afghan war had proven to be as hard and as bloody as many predicted. In the event, a quick initial victory in Afghanistan mooted this point. President Bush followed the success in Afghanistan with a policy designed to eliminate the threat posed by Iraq, which led to the fateful decision to launch a second war in the region. Republicans supported the president, while Democrats were split, with a majority of Democrats in the House opposing war and a majority in the Senate in favor.

When the Iraq war turned out to be far more difficult than expected, another

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MICHAEL RAMIREZ / CREATORS SYNDICATE

peace movement emerged with strong roots inside the Democratic party. Just as the presidential nomination campaign of Eugene McCarthy in 1968 showed where the heart of the Democratic party resided, so the campaign of Howard Dean in 2004 did the same thing. Under the pressure of this campaign, Democrats who had supported the Iraq war began to peel away. Some, like John Edwards, asked for penance, while others, like John Kerry, the eventual nominee, adopted the undignified pose of claiming that they had never really voted for war. Only a few, like Joe Lieberman, stayed the course, the penalty for which in Lieberman's case was being chased from his party.

Today the character of the Democrats is again being put to the test. The party nominated a candidate who, though he ran as a dove in regard to Iraq, must be described as a hawk in regard to Afghanistan. Whatever Democrats themselves have thought of the Afghanistan war, or whatever some may have cynically surmised that Obama *really* thought about it, the party gave Barack Obama its nomination and backed him overwhelmingly in the election. Is it possible even to imagine that Democrats would, in large numbers, turn once again on their own president? Obama may not think so, but he undoubtedly knows enough about the character of the peace movement—many of its members are, or soon will have been, his closest friends and most ardent supporters—to have his doubts. Perhaps with this thought partly in mind, he offered a strategy in his address that looked more like the artful threading of a needle than a preparation for the rough and tumble of history: enough force to win a quick war coupled with a public deadline (subject to revision) for pulling out.

Will Democrats in fact "hold" if events prove to be more difficult than the best estimates now expect? Obama could of course try to fight the war by relying mainly on Republican support, with a part of his own party added on to make up a majority. It would be a cross-party coalition similar to the one President Clinton put together for some of his greatest achievements, including the passage of NAFTA. But no president in American history has ever fought a war on this basis, and if Obama ends by going this route, it will entail some serious changes. The president cannot expect to dismiss a party whose support he will desperately need, and Republicans will rightly demand a greater voice in setting the nation's affairs, which they may earn in any case over the next year. But with this challenge might also come an opportunity for Obama to become by necessity what he promised he would be by choice: a postpartisan president.

During the last administration many in the media adopted the peace movement's rhetorical ploy of referring to the Iraq war as "Bush's war," despite its full legal sanction by a vote of Congress. For consistency's sake, a few newspapers—the *Washington Post* among them—began this spring to refer to Afghanistan as "Obama's war." This is a most unfortunate, and inaccurate, characterization. It is time to call the war what it is: America's war. ♦



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# Infatuated with the New Deal

## The only ideas Obama wants to entertain on job creation are bad ones. BY FRED BARNES

President Obama is a master of the "narrative." That's the fancy new word in the political lexicon for a storyline that makes a politician look good. Last year, Obama was the candidate of hope and change who would cure Washington of its bad habits. Now he has a presidential narrative. It goes like this: He's done his part to revive the economy, and it's time for others to do theirs, particularly the business community.

Obama has been refining his narrative for several months. Last week's jobs summit at the White House was cleverly crafted as a day-long expression of his version of the economy's path in his 11-month presidency. And if that was lost on anyone, he was explicit in spelling it out.

"We implemented plans to stabilize the financial system and revive lending to families and business," Obama said at the opening session. "We passed the Recovery Act, which stopped our freefall and helped spur the growth that we've seen. Today our economy is growing again for the first time in a year and at the fastest pace that we've seen in two years. And productivity is surging. Companies are reporting profits. The stock market is up."

Wow! But there's a catch. "Despite the progress we've made, many businesses are skittish about hiring," the president said. "And so that's the question that we have to ask ourselves today: How do we get businesses to start hiring again?" It was to answer this question that the summit of 130 business, union, and academic types, plus a cluster of liberal policy advocates, was supposedly convened.

Obama acted as if he's downright puzzled by the lack of hiring. "I want to hear from CEOs about what's holding back our business investment and how we can increase confidence and spur hiring," he said. "And if there are things that we're doing here in Washington that are inhibiting you, then we want to know about it."

*The December 3 'jobs summit'*

NEWSCOM

Could the president really not have a clue about his administration's role in putting a chill on hiring? I doubt it. He couldn't be that oblivious. It's not only Republicans, free market economists, and the editorial writers at the *Wall Street Journal* who have harped on Obama's anti-growth, anti-hiring policies. So have prominent columnists from Robert Samuelson to George Will. The list goes on and on.

One brave summit attendee, Fred Lampropoulos of Merit Medical Systems, suggested at the closing session that Obama might be to blame. "There's uncertainty that there's such an aggressive legislative agenda that businesspeople don't really know what they ought to do," he said. "One CEO [at the summit] said he thought he has to kind of wait and see and may have to restructure his business . . . and that uncertainty is really what's holding back the jobs."

The president said this is a "legitimate concern," then dismissed it as fainthearted. He insisted his entire agenda should not be delayed. "If we keep putting off tough decisions about health care, about energy, about education, we'll never get to the point where there's a lot of appetite for that," he said. "My belief was that we had to start tackling some of these fundamental problems if we were going to emerge stronger than we were before."

A more candid reply would have been that his initiatives are increasingly unpopular and must be passed now because the large Democratic majorities in Congress may be sharply reduced in the 2010 election. But candor wasn't much in evidence at the summit.

Obama, who's usually been willing to spend like a drunken sailor, claimed there aren't "enough public dollars to fill the hole of private dollars that was created as a consequence of the [economic] crisis." There's the growing deficit, that is, and it polls poorly.

The president got one economic fact right. "Ultimately true economic recovery is only going to come from the private sector," he said. But for now he's eager to embrace ideas for inexpensive government programs to create jobs. Obama is said to favor a "cash for caulkers" program to subsidize weatherproofing of homes and buildings, a copy of the "cash for clunkers" program of this past summer. The unexpected dip in the unemployment rate to 10 percent may cool his enthusiasm.

The president declared himself "open to every demonstrably good idea." He's not really. He regards the New Deal with awe. "I'm confident that the spirit of 'bold, persistent experimentation' that FDR talked about and that's gotten this country through some

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of our darkest hours remains alive and well," he said.

If it is, we're in trouble. Like many liberals, Obama resists the painful truth about the New Deal, that it was largely an economic failure. "The historical evidence has just been ignored," says Burt Folsom of Hillsdale College, the author of *New Deal or Raw Deal?* Unemployment, for example, was nearly 21 percent in 1939 after six years of New Deal policies.

When Franklin Roosevelt called on the private sector to step forward in 1937, the response was all but non-existent. He had raised the top tax rate on individual income to 79 percent, boosted numerous excise taxes, hiked business taxes, and unleashed a regulatory offensive. He had erected a wall of disincentives to invest in the economy and stir growth and job creation.

Obama is at risk of doing the same thing on a smaller scale. His programs, if they pass, will drive up taxes, raise prices, and greatly enlarge the federal regulatory apparatus. He likes small, targeted tax cuts for small business. The problem is these have never worked as advertised, spurred lasting growth, or created permanent jobs.

What has worked is a "demonstrably good idea" to which Obama is not open. It's across-the-board cuts in the tax rates on individuals and business. No, it doesn't create jobs. Rather, it stimulates economic growth and profits, which are precisely the things that promote job creation.

At the summit, Vice President Biden joined Obama in talking up the new narrative. "The Recovery Act"—the Obama crowd never calls it the stimulus—"has put us on the path to recovery," Biden said. Too many people forget how the country was facing a "dark abyss" when he and Obama took office.

This led Biden to reminisce. "My deceased wife used to have an expression," he said. "She'd say, 'the greatest gift God gave mankind, Joey, is the ability to forget.' And my mother would quickly add, 'Yes, if it weren't for that, all women would only have one child.' But all kidding aside . . ." ♦

# The Long Awakening

## A Belgian case revives the Schiavo decision.

**BY WESLEY J. SMITH**

The case of Terri Schiavo—who died five years ago next March, deprived for nearly two weeks of food and water, even the balm of ice chips—continues to prick consciences. That may be one reason the case of Rom Houben, a Belgian man who was misdiagnosed for 23 years as being in a persistent vegetative state, is now receiving international attention.

In 1983, Houben suffered catastrophic head injuries in an automobile accident. He arrived at the hospital unconscious. Doctors eventually concluded that his case was hopeless, and his family was told he would never waken. But the Houben family, like Terri's parents and siblings, didn't give up. They diligently sought out every medical advance. This wasn't delusion or pure wishful thinking. Several studies have shown that about 40 percent of persistent vegetative state diagnoses are wrong.

Most of the mistakes involve patients who are in a "minimally conscious" state, in which the patient is responsive, but profoundly cognitively impaired. Not Houben. New scanning techniques find that he exhibits near normal brain activity, and events have shown that for more than two decades, he was fully awake and aware but unable to communicate, in a condition known as the "locked-in" state.

Houben's misdiagnosis was almost surely not due to negligence. When he was injured, techniques for assessing the workings of the badly injured brain were less sophisticated. More important, back in the 1980s there was no question about whether a patient like Houben would receive life-sustaining care. Depriving catastrophically injured patients of food and water was not even considered—except among bioethicists, who were already quietly preparing the ground for the practice of withdrawing sustenance from such patients.

During the years that Houben was thought unconscious, society changed. Bioethicists nudged medicine away from the Hippocratic model and toward "quality of life" judgmentalism. Today, when a patient is diagnosed as persistently unconscious or minimally aware, doctors, social workers, and bioethicists often recommend that life-sustaining treatment—including sustenance delivered through a tube—be withdrawn, sometimes days or weeks after the injury.

To take one example, Haleigh Poutre suffered a terrible battering that left her unconscious when she was 11. Within days, doctors decided she would never recover and recommended that life-sustaining care be withdrawn. Because she was a ward of the state, the legal process took several months, culminating in a January 2006 Massachusetts Supreme Court ruling permitting withdrawal of treatment, including food and fluids.

Before the doctors could withdraw treatment, however, Poutre began to stir, and it soon became clear that she was awake. The withdrawal of care was called off, and today she is sufficiently

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recovered to take her own meals and receive special education.

In another case of misdiagnosis some dubbed Schiavo 2, the family of Jesse Ramirez fought with his wife to prevent his dehydration. Ramirez woke up in the nick of time and eventually walked out of the hospital. Then there was the English woman Kate Bainbridge, thought to be unconscious until scans showed she was fully awake and aware. As reported in 2007 by the *Times* of London, Bainbridge is now home with her family and can use a lettering board to communicate.

Alas, these and similar cases too numerous to mention have not been sufficient to turn the tide against withholding sustenance from people with profound cognitive impairments. When families don't object, both unconscious and minimally conscious patients now have sustenance withdrawn as a normal medical practice throughout the United States.

Some advocates want to go further than current law allows. Articles in prestigious medical and bioethics journals urge that death be redefined to include a diagnosis of persistent vegetative state to permit organ harvesting from these patients. A few articles have advocated using patients like Schiavo and Houben (before his misdiagnosis was discovered) in medical experimentation.

Another consequence of the new prevailing view is the controversy surrounding Houben's improved condition. Houben started communicating in a rudimentary way by answering yes or no questions with the movement of a foot. Now, after three years of therapy, he communicates with the help of a speech therapist who moves his finger over a computer keyboard, allowing him to contract his finger to type each letter. Some critics grouse that this "facilitated communication" is a scam, in which the actual communicator is the therapist rather than the patient.

That seems unlikely. Houben is in the care of an internationally respected doctor, Steven Laureys of the University of Liège, not a person one would expect to participate in such a subterfuge. Laureys reacted angrily to the criticism in the *New Scientist*, telling an interviewer, "I am a scientist. I am a skeptic, and I will not accept any communication device if it is not properly tested."

The Associated Press reported steps the doctor had taken to confirm the reliability of the facilitated communication:

> One of the checks Laureys applied to verify Houben was really communicating was to send the speech therapist away before showing his patient different objects. When the aide came back and Houben was asked to say what he saw, that same hand held by the aide punched in the right information, he said.

In any case, why the sour response to a good news story? It is hard to shake the feeling that the emotional crosscurrents stirred by Terri Schiavo have been stirred again. *Time* reported that Schiavo-type "legal fights are likely to become more common as classifications of brain-injury severity are revised." According to ABC, Schiavo's family "felt both heartbreak and vindication" about the story.

Predictably, activists on both sides have weighed in. Much-quoted bioethicist Art Caplan, who strongly backed Michael Schiavo quest to end his wife's life, sniffed after viewing a video of Houben that it all looked like "Ouija Board stuff" to him. The *Huffington Post*'s resident bioethicist, Jacob Appel, argued that people in Houben's condition should be considered for euthanasia: "Rather than offering a compelling reason to keep such patients alive," Appel wrote, "the horrors of enduring such a petrified existence may offer a compelling reason to let them die."

The *Calgary Herald*, however, editorialized, "The lesson from Houben's case—and reinforced, sadly, too late by Schiavo's case—is that if doctors and courts must err, it should always be on the side of life, and on the assumption that despite all outward appearances, the 'I' is indeed there." ♦


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# Scientists Behaving Badly

*A corrupt cabal of global warming alarmists are exposed by a massive document leak*

**By Steven F. Hayward**

Slowly and mostly unnoticed by the major news media, the air has been going out of the global warming balloon. Global temperatures stopped rising a few years ago, much to the dismay of the climate campaigners. The U.N.'s upcoming Copenhagen conference—which was supposed to yield a binding greenhouse gas emissions reduction treaty as a successor to the failed Kyoto Protocol—collapsed weeks in advance and remains on life support pending Obama's magical intervention. Cap and trade legislation is stalled on Capitol Hill. Recent opinion polls from Gallup, Pew, Rasmussen, ABC/*Washington Post*, and other pollsters all find a dramatic decline in public belief in human-caused global warming. The climate campaigners continue to insist this is because they have a "communications" problem, but after Al Gore's Nobel Prize/Academy Award double play, millions of dollars in paid advertising, and the relentless doom-mongering from the media echo chamber and the political class, this excuse is preposterous. And now the climate campaign is having its Emperor's New Clothes moment.

In mid-November a large cache of emails and technical documents from the Climate Research Unit (CRU) at the University of East Anglia in Britain were made available on a number of Internet file-servers for download by the public—either the work of a hacker or a leak from a whistleblower on the inside. The emails—more than 1,000 of them—reveal a small cabal of scientists who, in the words of MIT's Michael Schrage, engaged in "malice, mischief and Machiavellian maneuverings." In an ironic twist, one of the frequent correspondents in this long e-trail (University of Arizona scientist Jonathan Overpeck) warned several of his colleagues in September, "Please write all emails as though they will be made public." Small wonder why. It's being called Climategate, but more than one wit is calling them "the CRUtape Letters."

**In the understatement of the year, CRU's Phil Jones, one of the principal figures in the controversy, admitted the emails 'do not read well.'**

As in the furor over Dan Rather's fabricated documents about George W. Bush's National Guard service back in 2004, bloggers have been swarming over the material and highlighting the bad faith, bad science, and possibly even criminal behavior (deleting material requested under Britain's Freedom of Information Act and perhaps tax evasion) of a small group of highly influential climate scientists. As with Rathergate, diehard climate campaigners are repairing to the "fake but accurate" defense—what these scientists did may be unethical or deeply biased, they say, but the science is *settled*, don't you know, so move along, nothing to see here. There are a few notable exceptions, such as *Guardian* columnist George Monbiot, who in the past has trafficked in the most extreme climate mongering: "It's no use pretending that this isn't a major blow," Monbiot wrote in a November 23 column. "The emails extracted by a hacker from the climatic research unit at the University of East Anglia could scarcely be more damaging. . . . I'm dismayed and deeply shaken by them. . . . I was too trusting of some of those who provided the evidence I championed. I would have been a better journalist if I had investigated their claims more closely." Monbiot has joined a number of prominent climate scientists in demanding that the

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CRU figures resign their posts and be excluded from future climate science work. The head of the CRU, Phil Jones, announced last week that he will temporarily step down pending an investigation.

As tempting as it is to indulge in *Schadenfreude* over the richly deserved travails of a gang that has heaped endless calumny on dissenting scientists (NASA's James Hansen, for instance, compared MIT's Richard Lindzen to a tobacco-industry scientist, and Al Gore and countless others liken skeptics to "Holocaust deniers"), the meaning of the CRU documents should not be misconstrued. The emails do not in and of themselves reveal that catastrophic climate change scenarios are a hoax or without any foundation. What they reveal is something problematic for the scientific community as a whole, namely, the tendency of scientists to cross the line from being disinterested investigators after the truth to advocates for a preconceived conclusion about the issues at hand. In the understatement of the year, CRU's Phil Jones, one of the principal figures in the controversy, admitted the emails "do not read well." Jones is the author of the most widely cited leaked e-missive, telling colleagues in 1999 that he had used "Mike's *Nature* [magazine] trick" to "hide the decline" that inconveniently shows up after 1960 in one set of temperature records. But he insists that the full context of CRU's work shows this to have been just a misleading figure of speech. Reading through the entire archive of emails, however, provides no such reassurance; to the contrary, dozens of other messages, while less blatant than "hide the decline," expose scandalously unprofessional behavior. There were ongoing efforts to rig and manipulate the peer-review process that is critical to vetting manuscripts submitted for publication in scientific journals. Data that should have been made available for inspection by other scientists and outside critics were released only grudgingly, if at all. Perhaps more significant, the email archive also reveals that even inside this small circle of climate scientists—otherwise allied in an effort to whip up a frenzy of international political action to combat global warming—there was considerable disagreement, confusion, doubt, and at times acrimony over the results of their work. In other words, there is far less unanimity or consensus among climate insiders than we have been led to believe.

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The behavior of the CRU circle has cast a long shadow over the entire climate science community, and many honest scientists will now undeservedly bear the stigma of Climategate unless a full airing of the issues is conducted. Other important climate research centers with close ties to the CRU—including NASA's Goddard Institute and the Climate Change Science Program at NOAA—should not be exempt from a full-dress investigation. Such a reevaluation must begin with an understanding of the crucial role the CRU circle has played in the global warming drama.

In the larger world of climate science, the Climategate story is overwhelmingly about one small but very important subfield—paleoclimatology, the effort to reconstruct the earth's climate during the vast sweep of time before humans began measuring and recording observations about the weather. That turns out to be a massively complicated exercise in statistical manipulation of huge amounts of raw data. Because the gap between observation and conclusion in this subfield is so dependent on statistical techniques rather than direct measurement, it was bound to be a matter of intense controversy and deserved the most searching review by outside scientists. It is exactly this kind of review that the CRU insiders acted to prevent or obscure.


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Because the earth's climate is a complex system, the effort to understand why and how it changes is arguably the largest undertaking ever conducted by the world's scientific community. The Climate Research Unit at East Anglia is not just an important hub of climate science, but one whose work plays a prominent role in the U.N.'s Intergovernmental Panel on Climate Change (IPCC), the body that every five or six years since 1992 has produced a massive report on the international "consensus" in the field of climate science. This is the body typically said to comprise 2,000 of the world's top scientists, though there are many thousands more scientists working on aspects of climate change who do not participate in the IPCC process, many of whom dissent from the rigid "consensus" the process produces. One of the things the CRU emails prove is that the oft-cited figure of 2,000 top scientists is misleading; the circle of genuinely active scientists in the work of CRU and related institutions in this country is very small. Nonetheless, Al Gore and other climate campaigners have leaned heavily on the IPCC process as proof for their assertions that human-caused global warming is a matter of "settled" science. This, even though, in the last IPCC report on the science of climate change in 2007, the terms "uncertain" or "uncertainty" appear over 1,300 times in 900 pages, and the report describes our level of scientific understanding of key aspects of climate as "low" or "very low." The IPCC chapter on the climate models that are the principal tool predicting our future doom refers to "significant uncertainties" in all the models, and admits that "models still show significant errors."

There have been rumors for years about political pressure being brought to bear on the process to deliver scarier numbers, because the effects of a 2-3 degree increase in temperatures just weren't going to be enough to justify the kind of emission reductions the greens want. And one of the largest uncertainties in the whole climate story is whether we can determine if the warming of the last 150 years (about 0.8 degrees Celsius) is outside of the long-term historical range, which would lend powerful confirmation to the computer climate models that spit out projections of unprecedented and potentially dangerous temperature increases in the decades to come, caused by the greenhouse gases produced by industrial societies.

It has long been thought that over the last thousand years the earth experienced two significant natural climate cycles: the "medieval warm period" (MWP) centered around the year 1000 and the "little ice age" (LIA) from about 1500 to 1850 or so. The first report of the IPCC in 1992 displayed a stylized thousand-year temperature record showing that the MWP was warmer than current global temperatures, but this was mostly conjecture. Yet it was a huge problem for the climate campaigners: If the medieval warm period was as warm as today, as some scientists believe, it would mean that today's temperatures are arguably within the range of normal climate variability, and that we could not yet confirm greenhouse gas emissions as the sole cause of recent increases or rely on computer climate models for predictions of future climate apocalypse. There had long been rumors that leading figures in the climate community believed they needed to make the medieval warm period go away, but until the CRU leak there was no evidence besides hearsay that scientists might be cooking the books.

The evidence for the medieval warm period and the little ice age is mostly anecdotal, since there were no thermometers in the year 1000. Is there a way we could determine what the temperature was a thousand years ago? Calculating the average temperature for the entire planet is no simple matter, even today. This is where the paleoclimatologists at the CRU enter the picture. The CRU circle set out to "reconstruct" past temperature history through the use of "proxies," such as variations in tree rings, samples of centuries-old ice drilled out of glaciers and polar ice caps, lake sediment samples, and corals from the ocean. Using a variety of ingenious techniques, it is possible for each of these proxies to yield a temperature estimate at a particular location. Tree rings are thought to be the best proxy, because we can count backwards and establish the exact year each ring formed, and by its width make temperature estimates. But tree ring data are very limited. There are only a few kinds of trees that live a thousand years or more, mostly bristlecone pines in the western United States and a few species in Siberia. The thousands of data points that emerge from these painstaking efforts are not self-explanatory. They need to be adjusted and calibrated for latitude, altitude, and a number of other factors (such as volcanic activity and rainfall during the period). Even the most rigorous statistical methodology will generate estimates with large margins of error. One of the striking features of the CRU emails is how much time the CRU circle spent discussing *with each other* the myriad problems with processing these data and how to display them to a wider world. On the one hand, this is typical of what one might expect of an evolving scientific enterprise. On the other hand, these are the selfsame scientists who have insisted most vehemently that there is a settled consensus adhered to by all researchers of repute and that there is nothing left to debate. Another striking thing that emerges from the emails is that the climate modelers don't have a high regard for paleoclimatology, and the paleos have a palpable inferiority complex.


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Judging by the length of many of the email chains kvetching about their problems, it is a wonder this small group had time to do any actual research.

In 1998 three scientists from American universities—Michael Mann, Raymond Bradley, and Malcolm Hughes—unveiled in *Nature* magazine what was regarded as a signal breakthrough in paleoclimatology—the now notorious "hockey stick" temperature reconstruction (picture a flat "handle" extending from the year 1000 to roughly 1900, and a sharply upsloping "blade" from 1900 to 2000). Their paper purported to prove that current global temperatures are the highest in the last thousand years by a large margin—far outside the range of natural variability. The medieval warm period and the little ice age both disappeared. The hockey stick chart was used prominently in the 2001 IPCC report as "smoking gun" proof of human-caused global warming. Mann and his coauthors concluded that "the 1990s are likely the warmest decade, and 1998 the warmest year, in at least a millennium."

Case closed? Hardly. The CRU emails reveal internal doubts about this entire enterprise both before and after the hockey stick made its debut. In a 1996 email to a large number of scientists in the CRU circle, Tom Wigley, a top climatologist working at the National Center for Atmospheric Research in Colorado, cautioned: "I support the continued collection of such data, but I am disturbed by how some people in the paleo community try to oversell their product." Mann and his colleagues made use of some of the CRU data, but some of the CRU scientists weren't comfortable with the way Mann represented it and also seemed to find Mann more than a bit insufferable.

CRU scientist Keith Briffa, whose work on tree rings in Siberia has been subject to its own controversies, emailed Edward Cook of Columbia University: "I am sick to death of Mann stating his reconstruction represents the tropical area just because it contains a few (poorly temperature representative) tropical series," adding that he was tired of "the increasing trend of self-opinionated verbiage [Mann] has produced over the last few years . . . and (better say no more)."

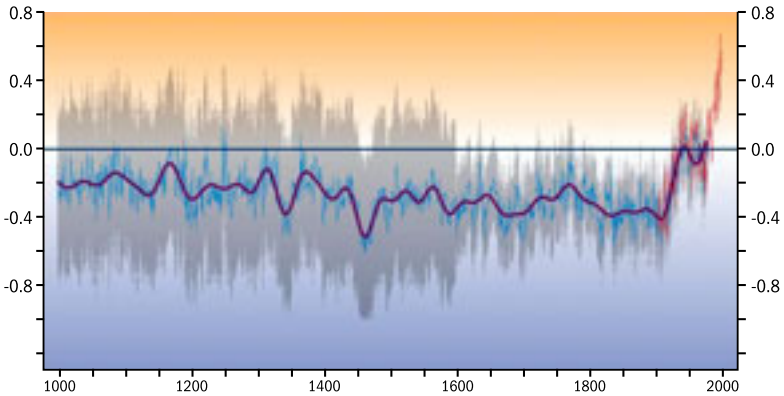
Cook replied: "I agree with you. We both know the probable flaws in Mike's recon[struction], particularly as it relates to the tropical stuff. Your response is also why I chose not to read the published version of his letter. It would be too aggravating. . . . It is puzzling to me that a guy as bright as Mike would be so unwilling to evaluate his own work a bit more objectively."

In yet another revealing email, Cook told Briffa: "Of course [Bradley] and other members of the MBH [Mann, Bradley, Hughes] camp have a fundamental dislike for the very concept of the MWP, so I tend to view their evaluations as starting out from a somewhat biased perspective, i.e. the cup is not only 'half-empty'; it is demonstrably 'broken'. I come more from the 'cup half-full' camp when it comes to the MWP, maybe yes, maybe no, but it is too early to say what it is."

## The Notorious 'Hockey Stick'

Purporting to show variations in the northern hemisphere's surface temperature since the year 1000

*(Departures from the 1961-1990 average temperature, in degrees Celsius)*




In another email to Briffa, Cook complains about Bradley, too: "His air of papal infallibility is really quite nauseating at times."

Even as the IPCC was picking up Mann's hockey stick with enthusiasm, Briffa sent Mann a note of caution about "the possibility of expressing an impression of more consensus than might actually exist. I suppose the earlier talk implying that we should not 'muddy the waters' by including contradictory evidence worried me. IPCC is supposed to represent consensus but also areas of uncertainty in the evidence." Briffa had previously dissented from the hockey stick reconstruction in a 1999 email to Mann and Phil Jones: "I believe that the recent warmth was probably matched about 1000 years ago." Even Malcolm Hughes, one of the original hockey stick coauthors, privately expressed reservations about over-reliance on their invention, writing to Cook, Mann and others in 2002: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> All of our attempts, so far, to estimate hemisphere-scale temperatures for the period around 1000 years ago are based on far fewer data than any of us would like. None of the datasets used so far has anything like the geographical distribution that experience with recent centuries indicates we need, and no one has yet found a convincing way of validating the lower-frequency components of them against independent data. As Ed [Cook] wrote, in the tree-ring records that form the backbone of most of the published estimates, the problem of poor replication near the beginnings of records is particularly acute, and ubiquitous. . . . Therefore, I accept that everything we are doing is preliminary, and should be treated with considerable caution.

Mann didn't react well to these hesitations from his colleagues. Even Ray Bradley, a coauthor of the hockey stick article, felt compelled to send a message to Briffa after one of Mann's self-serving emails with the single line: "Excuse me while I puke." One extended thread grew increasingly acrimonious as Mann lashed out at his colleagues. He wrote to Briffa, Jones, and seven others in a fury over their favorable remarks about a *Science* magazine article that offered a temperature history that differed from the hockey stick: "Sadly, your piece on the Esper et al paper is more flawed than even the paper itself. . . . There is a lot of damage control that needs to be done and, in my opinion, you've done a disservice to the honest discussions we had all had in the past, because you've misrepresented the evidence."

**Mann didn't react well to criticism from his colleagues. A coauthor of the hockey stick article felt compelled to send a message to Briffa after one of Mann's self-serving emails with the single line: 'Excuse me while I puke.'**

To Briffa in particular Mann wrote: "Hopefully, you know that I respect you quite a bit as a scientist! But in this case, I think you were sloppy. And the sloppiness had a real cost." Mann's bad manners prompted Bradley to reply: "I wish to disassociate myself with Mike's comments, or at least the tone of them. I do not consider myself the final arbiter of what *Science* should publish, nor do I consider what you did to signify the end of civilization as we know it." Tempers got so out of hand that Tom Crowley of Duke University intervened: "I am concerned about the stressed tone of some of the words being circulated lately. . . . I think you are all fine fellows and very good scientists and that it is time to smoke the peace pipe on all this and put a temporary moratorium on more email messages until tempers cool down a bit." Mann responded with his best imitation of Don Corleone: "This is ultimately about the science, it's not personal." If the CRU circle treat each other this way, it is no wonder they treat skeptics even more rudely.

One of Briffa's concerns about Mann's hockey stick is that some of the tree ring data—Briffa's specialty—didn't match up well with other records, so Mann either omitted them (in some versions of the hockey stick) or changed their statistical weighting in his overall synthesis to downplay the anomalous results of the raw data. This, by the way, is the origin of Phil Jones's "hide the decline" email; after 1960 tree ring data suggest a decline in temperatures, while other datasets show an increase. (This is one of many sources of intense controversy about temperature reconstructions.) Jones's and Mann's treatment may be defensible, but is problematic to say the least.

Starting in 2003 two mild-mannered Canadians, retired engineer Stephen McIntyre and University of Guelph economist Ross McKitrick, began making noises about serious problems with the by-then iconic hockey stick graph. The dispute between McIntyre, McKitrick (M/M as they became known in the shorthand of the climate science world) and the hockey team was highly technical, involving advanced methods of data selection and statistical analysis that are almost impossible for a layperson to follow. But one key point was access to the original raw data and complete computer codes that Mann and CRU had used, rather than the adjusted data reported in their final studies.

To extend the sports equipment simile, Mann and the hockey team responded with the scientific equivalent of high-sticking. It was McIntyre's requests for raw data and computer codes that prompted the numerous emails from Jones and other CRU people about "hiding" behind technicalities to refuse freedom of information requests or even destroying data, codes, and emails to stymie McIntyre. Prior to this time, most of the complaints about outsiders in the leaked emails dealt with such well known skeptics as the University of Virginia's Patrick Michaels and Fred Singer, MIT's Richard Lindzen, and journal editors who didn't toe the line. After 2003 the CRU crew became obsessed with McIntyre above all others. He appears in 105 of the emails by name (in some others, he's referred to as "a certain Canadian"), usually with a tone of resentment and contempt.

McIntyre is not a climate-science insider, with peer-reviewed articles in journals that the hockey team firmly


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controlled. He's an amateur with mathematical chops, with a serious track record for spotting statistical funny business. McIntyre, who spent decades in mineral exploration, was involved in exposing the Bre-X fraud in Canada several years ago. Bre-X was a gold mining company promising fat profits on a new proprietary technology for ore deposits in Borneo; McIntyre smelled a rat and demanded the raw data. Bre-X collapsed shortly after. And McIntyre scored a major hit against NASA's chief climate alarmist James Hansen, discovering significant errors of overestimation in Hansen's temperature reconstruction of the 20th century. (NASA's Goddard Institute website publicly thanked McIntyre, no doubt through gritted cyber teeth, for pointing out their error.) The hockey stickers' obsession with McIntyre seems out of proportion if there was nothing amiss in their work.

McIntyre and McKitrick may have made mistakes in their critique of the hockey stick—the charges and countercharges are difficult for nonspecialists to sort out—but they were sufficiently persuasive that the National Academy of Sciences appointed an expert review panel to look into the dispute. The NAS reported its findings in 2006, and the language was sufficiently hedged in diplomatic equivocations that Mann and the media claimed the hockey stick had been vindicated. But a close reading shows that the NAS report devastated the hockey stick. While the NAS said the hockey stick reconstruction was a "plausible" depiction of 20th-century warming, the report went on to state clearly that

> substantial uncertainties currently present in the quantitative assessment of large-scale surface temperature changes prior to about A.D. 1600 lower our confidence in this conclusion compared to the high level of confidence we place in the Little Ice Age cooling and 20th century warming. *Even less confidence can be placed in the original conclusions by Mann et al. (1999) that "the 1990s are likely the warmest decade, and 1998 the warmest year, in at least a millennium."* [Emphasis added.]

One of the NAS committee members, physicist Kurt Cuffey of the University of California, was more direct in remarks to *Science* magazine: "The IPCC used [the hockey stick] as a visual prominently in the [2001] report. I think that sent a very misleading message about how resolved this part of the scientific research was." Mann's hockey stick, a centerpiece of the 2001 IPCC report, did not appear in the 2007 IPCC report.

The NAS report, it should be added, included an implicit rebuke of Mann and his colleagues for their reluctance to share their data with other researchers:

> The committee recognizes that access to research data is a complicated, discipline-dependent issue, and that access to computer models and methods is especially challenging because intellectual property rights must be considered. Our view is that all research benefits from full and open access to published datasets and that a clear explanation of analytical methods is mandatory. Peers should have access to the information needed to reproduce published results, so that increased confidence in the outcome of the study can be generated inside and outside the scientific community.

Despite this criticism and rebuke from the NAS, the Climate Research Unit hockey team continued refusing right up to this month to share its raw data and computer codes with McIntyre and McKitrick or anyone else. Mann continued to insist that the medieval warm period was overestimated, and he keeps on producing more new hockey sticks than the NHL (he has another one out this week in *Science* magazine). Some of the egregious emails in the stash include suggestions that everyone delete emails related to their work on the IPCC process to shield them from FOIA requests (possibly illegal) and, according to one of Jones's emails, actually destroying the raw data in the face of a successful FOIA requisition. Jones writes to Mann in one 2005 message: "Don't leave stuff lying around on ftp sites—you never know who is trawling them. The two MMs [McIntyre and McKitrick] have been after the CRU station data for years. If they ever hear there is a Freedom of Information Act now in the UK, I think I'll delete the file rather than send to anyone." Jones now claims no emails were deleted, but he'll need to explain his December 3, 2008, message to Ben Santer—a climate researcher at Lawrence Livermore National Laboratory—about a new FOIA request from McIntyre: "I am supposed to go through my emails and he can get anything I've written about him. About 2 months ago I deleted loads of emails, so have very little—if anything at all."

Under the pressure of Climategate, the CRU has finally agreed to release its raw data and computer codes. But now we learn that some of the raw data have been lost, and while Jones should be asked blunt questions about whether he made good on his threats to delete data, it is possible that the data were lost through sheer sloppiness. The most devastating document in the CRUtape letters may be not the egregious emails that have drawn most of the public attention but the detailed notes of a CRU programmer, Ian "Harry" Harris, assigned the task of sorting out the handling of the raw data and computer files.

The HARRY_READ_ME.txt file, over 100,000 words long, paints a picture of haphazard data handling that would get almost any private sector researcher fired. Among the many damning items included in Harris's narrative are more instances of "hiding the decline" such as


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"Specify period over which to compute the regressions (stop in 1940 to avoid the decline)" and "Apply a VERY ARTIFICIAL correction for decline!" Worse are Harris's notes of improperly coded data (or data without codes at all), computer subroutines that don't work, and near complete chaos: "I am very sorry to report that the rest of the databases seem to be in nearly as poor a state as Australia was. . . . Aarrggghhh! There truly is no end in sight. . . . Am I the first person to attempt to get the CRU databases in working order?!! . . . " On and on goes Harris's catalogue of software bugs and data horrors. Finally, this: "OH F— THIS. It's Sunday evening, I've worked all weekend, and just when I thought it was done I'm hitting yet another problem that's based on the hopeless state of our databases. There is no uniform data integrity, it's just a catalogue of issues that continues to grow as they're found."

No drug company could get through the FDA approval process with data handling this slapdash, yet the climate policy process contemplates trillions of dollars in costs to economies around the world based partially on this incompetent work. Worse, it suggests the possibility that the CRU circle might not be able to replicate its own findings from scratch, let alone outside reviewers. No wonder Mann keeps issuing new versions of his hockey stick.

But the frustration of the hapless Harris points to a more fundamental problem: The extreme politicization of climate science this episode reveals will discourage the best graduate students from entering the field. Judith Curry, chairman of Georgia Tech's School of Earth and Atmospheric Sciences—not a climate skeptic by any stretch—published online a letter she had received from a graduate student pondering whether to enter the field of climate science: "I am a young climate researcher (just received my master's degree from [redacted] University) and have been very troubled by the emails that were released from CRU. . . . The content of some of the emails literally made me stop and wonder if I should continue with my PhD applications for fall 2010, in this science." Scientists at top universities have been telling me privately for several years now that their best graduate students are avoiding climatology because they dislike how politicized it has become and consider it a dead-end field. Unfortunately this means many students who take up the field are second-raters or do so out of ideological motivation, which guarantees that the CRU scandal won't be the last.

The CRU scandal is only the tip of an unmelted iceberg of politicized science, though the "hard" sciences until recently have been generally thought immune (or at least resistant) to the leftist bias and political correctness of the universities. Some scientists are quite open about their leftward orientation. In 2004, Harvard geneticist Richard Lewontin wrote in the *New York Review of Books*: "Most scientists are, at a minimum, liberals, although it is by no means obvious why this should be so. Despite the fact that all of the molecular biologists of my acquaintance are shareholders in or advisers to biotechnology firms, the chief political controversy in the scientific community seems to be whether it is wise to vote for Ralph Nader this time." MIT's Kerry Emanuel, as "mainstream" as they come in climate science (Al Gore references his work, and in one of his books Emanuel refers to Senator James Inhofe as a "scientific illiterate" and to climate skeptics as *les refusards*), nonetheless offers this warning to his field:

> Scientists are most effective when they provide sound, impartial advice, but their reputation for impartiality is severely compromised by the shocking lack of political diversity among American academics, who suffer from the kind of group-think that develops in cloistered cultures. Until this profound and well-documented intellectual homogeneity changes, scientists will be suspected of constituting a leftist think tank.

Perhaps the most damning email from the CRU circle is this July 2005 message from Phil Jones to climatologist John Christy of the University of Alabama: "As you know, I'm not political. If anything, I would like to see the climate change happen, so the science could be proved right, regardless of the consequences. This isn't being political, it is being selfish." Jones's attitude may not be exactly political, but it is certainly unscientific. The denial of political bent is also hard to square with the emails revealing that several of these scientists worked closely behind the scenes with alarmist advocacy groups such as Greenpeace, which really deserves to be shunned by serious scientists.

Such is the volume of material leaked from the CRU that it may be many months before all of its implications for the underlying climate science are fully digested. But a few preliminary conclusions can be reached. First, we still don't know whether the medieval warm period was comparable to or even much warmer than current temperatures, and we probably never will know with confidence. So the validating or refining of today's climate models will have to go forward without this piece of the puzzle being filled in. Second, a close reading of the entire email archive allows some distinctions to be drawn among the CRU circle. Michael Mann, Phil Jones, and Ben Santer of Lawrence Livermore seem indisputably to be the bad actors (it was Santer who said he was "very tempted" to "beat the crap out of" skeptic Pat Michaels). Others in their circle, such as Keith Briffa, Tom Wigley, and Mike Hulme, appear much more scrupulous and restrained about handling the data, uncertainties, and conclusions they put


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into print. Kevin Trenberth, a scientist at the National Center for Atmospheric Research and key IPCC contributor, comes out somewhere in the middle, writing recently, for example, "The fact is that we can't account for the lack of warming at the moment [since 1998], and it is a travesty that we can't." But Jones also suggests in one email that he and Trenberth will help keep contrarian climate research out of the IPCC process "even if we have to redefine what the peer-review literature is!"

The distinction between utterly politicized scientists such as Jones, Mann, and NASA's James Hansen, and other more sober scientists has been lost on the media and climate campaigners for a long time now, and as a result, the CRUtape letters will cast a shadow on the entire field. There is no doubt plenty more of this kind of corruption in other hotbeds of climate science, but there are also a lot of unbiased scientists trying to do important and valuable work. Climate alarmists and their media cheerleaders are fond of warning about "tipping points" to disaster, but ironically this episode may represent a tipping point against the alarmists. The biggest hazard to serious climate science all along was not so much contrarian arguments from skeptics, but rather the damage that the hyperbole of the environmental community would inflict on their own cause.

Climate change is a genuine phenomenon, and there is a nontrivial risk of major consequences in the future. Yet the hysteria of the global warming campaigners and their monomaniacal advocacy of absurdly expensive curbs on fossil fuel use have led to a political dead end that will become more apparent with the imminent collapse of the Kyoto-Copenhagen process. I have long expected that 20 or so years from now we will look back on the turn-of-the-millennium climate hysteria in the same way we look back now on the population bomb hysteria of the late 1960s and early 1970s—as a phenomenon whose magnitude and effects were vastly overestimated, and whose proposed solutions were wrongheaded and often genuinely evil (such as the forced sterilizations of thousands of Indian men in the 1970s, much of it funded by the Ford Foundation). Today the climate campaigners want to forcibly sterilize the world's energy supply, and until recently they looked to be within an ace of doing so. But even before Climategate, the campaign was beginning to resemble a Broadway musical that had run too long, with sagging box office and declining enthusiasm from a dwindling audience. Someone needs to break the bad news to the players that it's closing time for the climate horror show. ♦

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# The Colombian Miracle

*How Alvaro Uribe with smart U.S. support turned the tide against drug lords and Marxist guerrillas*

**By Max Boot & Richard Bennet**

*Bogotá*

"Colombia has been the most successful nation-building exercise by the United States in this century."

U.S. ambassador William Brownfield's declaration—delivered in an office adorned, incongruously given his Texas background, with a prominent Baltimore Orioles logo—becomes no less impressive once you realize that by "this century" he is referring to a century that is less than ten years old. This is the century, after all, of Afghanistan and Iraq—wars that have consumed far more resources than the low-key commitment to Colombia involving no U.S. combat troops. But Brownfield is being modest. The progress in Colombia, which this professional diplomat has overseen not only in the past two years as ambassador but also in previous stints at the State Department, has few rivals in the annals of 20th-century nation-building either.

A decade ago Colombia was on its way to becoming a full-fledged narco-state. An article in *Foreign Affairs*' July/August 2000 issue written by a former Colombian minister of defense, Rafael Pardo, summarized his country's woes:

> In the last 15 years, 200 bombs (half of them as large as the one used in Oklahoma City) have blown up in Colombia's cities; an entire democratic leftist political party was eliminated by right-wing paramilitaries; 4 presidential candidates, 200 judges and investigators, and half the Supreme Court's justices, 1,200 police officers, 151 journalists, and more than 300,000 ordinary Colombians have been murdered.

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Andrés Pastrana, president of Colombia from 1998 to 2002, revealed the weakness of the state when in 1999 he formally ceded 42,000 square kilometers—an area the size of Switzerland—to the control of the primary insurgent group, FARC (the Fuerzas Armadas Revolucionarias de Colombia, or Revolutionary Armed Forces of Colombia). A Marxist-Leninist group founded in 1964, FARC had become one of the most powerful guerrilla armies on the planet. And it seemed to be on the verge of victory. The government in Bogotá controlled so little of its own territory that people considered it unsafe to drive out of the capital. The insurgency was fueled by drug production which made Colombia the world's largest producer of cocaine and one of the largest producers of heroin.

The idea of militarily defeating the FARC, the drug lords, and the paramilitary groups seemed farcical. Received opinion was that, as Pardo wrote, "the international community in general and the United States in particular must understand that the Colombian government's conflict with the guerrillas can be solved only through negotiations." The problem was, the guerrillas took the government's attempts to negotiate from a posture of weakness as an incitement to step up their attacks. Colombia seemed locked in a downward spiral.

The turnaround in the past decade is so dramatic as to be almost unbelievable. During a week spent in Colombia recently as guests of U.S. Southern Command, we saw nary a hint of the country that in 2000 was described by the *Washington Post* as being in the throes of a "comprehensive social and political breakdown." Bogotá is bustling, with a frenetic night-life playing out amid rows of chic bars and restaurants that would be at home in Manhattan. The biggest danger we encountered—aside from overindulging in artery-clogging cuisine—was chaotic traffic. Collisions aside, the fog-shrouded roads leading out of the city are so safe that they are full of locals and tourists flocking to warm-weather getaways far from the chilly heights of the capital. During a three-hour drive to the major Colombian military base at Tolemaida, the only inconvenience



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we encountered was road construction, part of a massive campaign to upgrade the country's infrastructure. There was no hint of what we might have seen a decade ago: illegal rebel checkpoints manned by FARC fighters intent on extracting "taxes" or kidnapping victims.

Those who might come to Colombia to experience the thrills of guerrilla war are likely to leave disappointed. In the November issue of the *Atlantic*, William Powers recounts that he was in search of a "bit of adrenaline" when he booked a flight to Bogotá, his "imagination awash with stereotypes—drug lord Pablo Escobar's Medellín cartel assassinating politicians, Marxist FARC guerrillas kidnapping tourists." What he found was a capital and a country that "was a little too *tranquila*." His experience (and ours) confirms the validity of the new Colombian tourist slogan: "The only risk is wanting to stay."

Don't get us wrong. FARC still exists and it's still dangerous, but it has been pushed back to a few remote areas mainly near the borders with Ecuador and Venezuela, whose governments are friendly to the Marxist rebels. Its strength is down from 18,000 fighters a decade ago to fewer than 9,000 today. More and more of its cadres are deserting—3,027 last year, up from just 529 in 2002. Back in the late 1990s and early 2000s, it was not uncommon to see 100 or more FARC fighters attacking an army base or government building. Municipalities were overrun with disturbing frequency, and even crack army units suffered military defeats. Today it is rare to see even 10 fighters massing for a single attack, and their ability to carry out more spectacular raids has been all but eliminated.

Last year was a particularly bad one for the group. At the beginning of March, Raul Reyes, one of seven members of FARC's ruling secretariat, was killed in an attack by Colombian armed forces on his base inside Ecuador. That same month, another member of the secretariat, Ivan Rios, was killed by one of his own bodyguards, who cut off Rios's hand as proof of his deed so that he could collect a $2 million reward. March ended with the death, apparently of natural causes, of FARC's senior leader and co-founder, 80-year-old Manuel Marulanda. Less than two months later, one of FARC's best-known and most ruthless commanders, "Karina" (Nelly Avila Moreno), who led the forces in the vicinity of Medellín, surrendered. Her decision to stop fighting is part of a trend: Since 2004, the number of veteran fighters—those with more than 10 years of experience in the group—leaving the battlefield has increased by a factor of 10.

The most spectacular event of 2008 occurred on July 2 when Colombian commandos disguised as guerrillas wearing Che Guevara T-shirts descended in a Russian-built helicopter into a FARC camp deep in the jungle. Pretending they were transferring hostages to another FARC facility, they took off with 15 kidnapping victims including three American contractors and former presidential candidate Ingrid Betancourt. Operation Jaque, carried out without a shot fired, has elevated the reputation of the Colombian armed forces to new heights.

*FARC commander "Karina" gives herself up, May 19, 2008*

REUTERS / FREDY AMARILES

The results of many such successful operations are visible in a series of metrics prominently displayed in the U.S. embassy in Bogotá. Colombia used to be the world capital of kidnappings, but the number of victims is down from 2,882 in 2002 to 376 in 2008. Terrorist acts in the same period have fallen from 1,645 to 303. Homicides are also down dramatically: from 28,837 in 2002 to 13,632 in


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2008, a 52 percent reduction. Three hundred fifty-nine Colombian soldiers and police lost their lives in battle in 2008, down from 684 in 2002.

The statistics also chart progress in the closely related war on drugs. Between 2002 and 2008, the total hectares of cocaine eradicated rose from 133,127 to 229,227; tons of cocaine seized rose from 105.1 to 245.5; and the number of drug labs seized rose from 1,448 to 3,667. All statistics on narcotics production are hard to gather and therefore suspect, but the latest indications are that last year cocaine production in Colombia fell by 40 percent.

*A Colombian National Police officer in an experimental coca field at the National Police Training Center last month.*

While the illicit economy was taking a severe hit, normal economic activity has been soaring. Although Colombia's GDP grew by only 2.4 percent in 2008 as a result of the worldwide slowdown, it grew almost 8 percent in 2007, up from less than 2 percent in 2002. Unemployment is still high at 11.1 percent, but considerably lower than in 2002 when it was 15.7 percent. Analysts attribute most of that growth to a more secure environment which encourages investment and discourages capital outflows. To put it another way, Colombians now think their country has a future worth investing in.

What accounts for this dramatic turnaround? And what lessons might Colombia offer for other countries, from Afghanistan to Mexico, now facing severe problems of their own with narcotics-fueled violence?

In hindsight it is apparent that the turnaround began in 2000, when the U.S. Congress approved $1.3 billion in military aid as part of Plan Colombia, a comprehensive aid agreement worked out between the administrations of Andrés Pastrana and Bill Clinton. The aid package—by now nearing a cumulative $7 billion—ran into criticism initially from members of Congress worried about the potential for U.S. forces' getting involved in a hopeless counterinsurgency. Vietnam analogies flew fast and furious in Washington while the bill was debated. To assuage congressional concerns, the number of U.S. military personnel allowed into Colombia at any one time was strictly limited. (The original cap was 500, later raised to 800—more than proved necessary.) In addition, Colombian personnel with a history of human-rights violations were barred from U.S. training, and the focus of aid efforts was counternarcotics. Thus the United States bought helicopters for Colombia's armed forces and trained Colombian troops but insisted they be used against drug growers and traffickers, not against insurgents. The U.S. government employed contractors (including three who were shot down in 2003 and released as part of Operation Jaque) to spray herbicide on coca crops.

That narrow focus on the drug problem proved counterproductive. In Colombia, as elsewhere, you cannot separate criminals from insurgents; the two types of lawbreakers are closely connected. FARC in many ways has become as much about drug trafficking as about its ostensible ideological objectives. Without eliminating the group's influence and establishing the government's authority at ground level, it proved impossible to eliminate coca crops. Fields that were sprayed could simply be replanted. "Flying over with sprayer aircraft will not solve problems unless you have institutions of the state present to do follow-up," a U.S. diplomat in Bogotá told us. That doesn't mean antidrug efforts are useless; only that they must be integrated in a larger campaign plan.

The big breakthrough in Colombia came in 2002 with the election of Alvaro Uribe, a former senator and mayor of Medellín who instituted a wide-ranging campaign against drug traffickers, insurgents, and

MAX BOOT



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paramilitaries—all the groups threatening the authority of the state. That same year, following the 9/11 attacks, Congress eased the restrictions on Plan Colombia, allowing more U.S. forces into the country and allowing them to work not only against drug traffickers but also against terrorist groups such as FARC.

Uribe's strategy was known as "Democratic Security." Its thrust is laid out in a document posted on the website of the Colombian Ministry of National Defense, which says that under the constitution the armed forces have a duty "to protect the life, honor, property, beliefs, and other rights and freedoms of all persons resident within Colombia." The strategy notes that "without security there is no guarantee of the right to life and physical integrity, and without those rights, there is no basis for the enjoying of other rights."

That may sound like political boilerplate, but in Colombia this pledge had serious repercussions. It meant that the government would no longer be content to cede any of its territory to insurgents and narcotics traffickers, and that from now on the Colombian security forces would work to safeguard the rights of all the people—even *campesinos* (poor farmers), whose safety had never been uppermost in the minds of the Bogotá elites. Colombia is a vast country, with more than a million square kilometers of territory—as big as France, Spain, and Portugal combined. The state has never had the ability to police and govern so large an area. Much as in America's Wild West, warlords and thugs traditionally filled the vacuum. No longer. "The security of Colombian citizens will be reestablished in accordance with the law, within a democratic framework, which in its turn will become stronger as greater security is guaranteed," Uribe promised, and he has been as good as his word.

**Uribe's strategy meant that the government would no longer cede any of its territory to insurgents and narcotraffickers, and that from now on Colombian forces would safeguard the rights of all people—even campesinos.**

U.S. aid helped behind the scenes. Ambassador Brownfield stresses that "one of the reasons we've been successful is we haven't been claiming too much credit, ensuring that Colombians were in the lead." That's fitting in a country like Colombia that has a long history of democracy and had a functioning state even at the height of its insurgency. The situation is different in countries such as Iraq and Afghanistan where the United States overthrew governments and had to start from scratch in building new ones.

With a full-fledged partner in Bogotá, Washington has been able to confine its assistance to offering those things that Uribe's government couldn't do for itself. It could not, for example, afford to buy helicopters needed to penetrate the most remote jungle and mountain areas where guerrillas and drug traffickers hide. So the United States helped provide more than 250 Black Hawk, Huey, and Mi-17 helicopters. But Uribe was not a passive recipient of foreign largesse. He levied extra taxes on Colombia's wealthiest citizens to pay for a substantial beefing up of the security forces. Defense spending soared from $2 billion in 2000 to $5.5 billion today, enabling the armed forces to grow from 153,000 personnel to 270,000 in a country of 45 million.

Within that total, there has been an emphasis on increasing the number of professional soldiers, who make up the mobile striking forces of the Colombian military. The most capable of all are the Special Operations Forces, which are trained by American Green Berets. We saw some of their troops practicing assaults on buildings and insertions by parachute at Tolemaida, which the American trainers call the Fort Benning of Colombia. Conscripts who are not as well trained or equipped are relegated to service in territorial units providing security in their home areas. The armed forces have become among the best in Latin America, and arguably the best jungle fighters anywhere. They are so tactically proficient that their need for American assistance has been reduced. At Tolemaida's air strip, for instance, we saw how the Colombians are developing the capacity to repair their own helicopters to include the upkeep of ultra-sophisticated avionics possessed by few other nations. The relationship with the United States, one American trainer tells us, "is not a parental relationship—it's a relationship of partners." To give something back to their American partners, the Colombians are preparing to deploy troops to Afghanistan.

The police have also grown in size and effectiveness, their total increasing from 95,000 in 2000 to 136,000 today. Since 2002, the government has opened 168 new police stations and 146 substations, while increasing the capacity of the Colombian National Police, including its highly capable commando team, the Junglas. Along with the expansion of the security forces there has been an expansion and streamlining of the legal system. The time needed to process the average criminal case has fallen by 80 percent, and the conviction rate has risen from 3 percent to 60 percent.


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Colombia's success is not just a question of resources but of how they are employed. In the past the government emphasized going after FARC's leaders and the source of its financing—coca fields and labs. Such "enemy-centric" counterinsurgency strategies have failed time after time, and Colombia was no exception. What worked here was the same strategy that has worked recently in Iraq and can work in Afghanistan: a population-centric strategy that is based upon providing round-the-clock security so that people feel safe from insurgent intimidation. That, in turn, leads to the collection of better intelligence on the insurgents.

In the past, the Colombian armed forces would sweep through an area, staying only a few weeks. When they left, the insurgents returned and eliminated anyone they deemed a collaborator. The U.S. armed forces in Iraq made the same mistake between 2003 and 2007. Only with the "surge" of 2007 did the U.S. troops concentrate on holding terrain and protecting the population. Uribe instituted the same shift in Colombia, and he did so earlier. The police and army were now committed to staying and garrisoning every area that they liberated. To borrow the parlance of Iraq and Afghanistan, they moved from "clear" operations to "clear, hold, and build." Drug-eradication operations have become more effective now that narco-traffickers cannot return to areas that are effectively policed.

The progress of this campaign can be tracked on a map generated by the U.S. embassy showing which parts of Colombia are fully or partly controlled by the government and which are effectively controlled by nonstate actors. In 2000, almost the entire country is shaded orange (partly controlled by the government) or red (controlled by nonstate actors). The only tiny swath of green (fully controlled by the government) shows Bogotá itself, and even that may have been an exaggeration. By 2008, most of the country is either green or orange; only a few tiny patches of red remain.

Another way to show the same progress is by noting that in 2000, 199 of Colombia's municipalities had elected mayors who were afraid to report to work. Today all 1,099 municipalities have resident mayors—and resident security forces. The government is pursuing a coordinated program to further increase the level of its presence and services in the areas where guerrillas have traditionally found safe haven—a "whole of government" approach that echoes successful counterinsurgency practice from Malaya and Northern Ireland to Iraq.

As in those other conflicts, the Colombian security forces have not concentrated on killing insurgents. They are determined to capture as many as possible and to spur the defection of still others, because they know that live rebels have more intelligence and propaganda value than do corpses. Uribe has strenuously emphasized respect for human rights. This is not only a moral necessity but an operational one: If the army is no longer seen as a killing machine, peasants are more likely to cooperate and guerrillas are less likely to fight to the death. "We respect human rights," one Colombian army colonel told us, "and that gives us legitimacy in the eyes of the populace and the international community."

There are still some abuses. Recent headlines reported illegal wiretapping by the Colombian intelligence service, the DAS, and the deaths of some innocent civilians who were designated guerrillas ex post facto by the security forces in what has become known as the "false positives" scandal. But there is no doubt that the human-rights record of the Colombian military has gotten a lot better and that malefactors who are caught today are punished. No longer are the armed forces associated with shadowy right-wing paramilitaries; those groups, 30,000 strong, agreed to disband in 2003 when it became clear that the military would take on the task of protecting the population. Corruption remains a problem (as it does in the United States, for that matter), but it has been greatly reduced. Once thought to be a crippling woe, it no longer stands in the way of progress.

One of Uribe's signature initiatives is known by its acronym, PAHD (Programa de Atención Humanitaria al Desmovilizado, Program for Humanitarian Care for the Demobilized Combatant). This offers rebels the possibility of amnesty or reduced sentences if they surrender, provided they have not committed "massacres" or other "crimes against humanity." Run-of-the-mill FARC fighters and even leaders can receive free medical care and mental treatment, housing, and clothing, along with educational and vocational opportunities, to help them reintegrate into society after years living in the jungle. Since 2002, more than 20,000 former fighters have entered the program.

We met two of them—a slight, shy, dark-haired woman and her boyfriend, a short man with a wispy mustache and slight pompadour wearing a black down vest over blue jeans. They told us their names are Dario and Nativity, and they left the FARC in September. Dario is not yet 30, but he is already a hardened veteran of 16 years of fighting. Starting as a 13-year-old recruit in 1993, this third-grade dropout had risen to deputy head of the Abelardo Romero Front, one of the FARC's basic units of organization, with more than 60 well-armed guerrillas under his command. Along the way he had met Nativity, who was just 16 when she dropped out of school in 2005 and ran away to a FARC base in the jungle to be with Dario.

Dario told us that life was good for FARC until 2002—the year that Uribe came to power and that marked the end of FARC's sanctuary in the Zona de Despeje (demilitarized zone). He said that the governmental "blockade" made it difficult for the guerrillas to obtain food, clothing, medications,


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and weapons. They had to undergo food rationing and stay constantly on the move to avoid detection. "We spent no more than two days in one camp," Dario said, adding that they did not have enough time to plan offensive operations.

FARC keeps a strict eye on members to prevent defections under such trying conditions. Anyone whose loyalty is suspect is court-martialed by a revolutionary tribunal and usually sentenced to death. But Dario, like many other guerrillas, owned a small radio to which he was able to listen clandestinely and thereby learn of the government's rewards for "demobilizers." While on an intelligence-collection mission in civilian clothes, he sent away the other members of his unit on various errands, enabling Nativity and him to walk into a military base. Now, he told us, "I just want to recoup my lost life." Nativity is pregnant, and he is looking forward to working in construction and becoming a "family man."

Many more would join Dario in defecting were it not for the intimidation practiced by the FARC leadership and the support they receive from outside sources. "We can annihilate them while they are in our country," one National Police officer told us. "Unfortunately they seek refuge in other countries." FARC has found a particularly important sanctuary in Venezuela, where Hugo Chávez offers them not only bases and contacts with the outside world but also medical care, arms, intelligence, money, and other support. The Colombian armed forces are especially worried that, through Chávez's good graces, FARC may be acquiring portable antiaircraft missiles that could negate their helicopters.

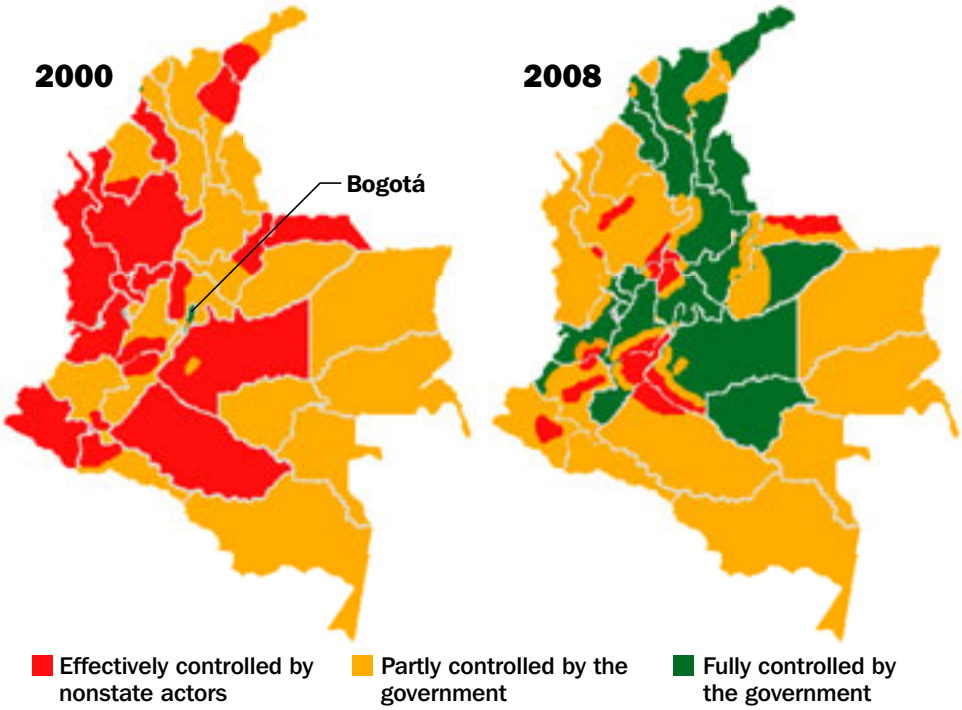
One government minister we spoke with in Bogotá asked us to imagine what would have happened in Northern Ireland in the late 1990s if the IRA, after years of setbacks, had suddenly received a lifeline from Dublin. That did not happen, of course, and the result was the 1998 Good Friday Agreement which led to the demobilization of the IRA. No such peace accord is likely in Colombia, the minister suggested, until Venezuela ends its support for FARC. That, in turn, will probably require a change of regime in Venezuela or at least more outside pressure on Chávez.

There is considerable cause to doubt whether President Obama—last seen exchanging a smile and a handshake with Chávez at a Latin American summit in April—will be willing or able to apply any such pressure. Colombia was a major priority for President Bush who enjoyed a close relationship with Alvaro Uribe. No such warmth is evident from Obama, who has opposed the U.S.-Colombia free trade accord, signed in 2006 but still unratified by the Senate amid labor union opposition.

The good news is that Colombia's progress is so far advanced that even a lessening of American support probably would not unravel what has been achieved. The key variable now, one Colombian official told us, is: "How quickly can we move to occupy space and consolidate territorial control?" That is the task confronting whoever wins Colombia's presidential election next year. Uribe has taken steps toward running for an unprecedented third term, which would require amending the constitution. But even if he decides not to run, the odds are that whoever wins will continue the policies responsible for what should be known as the Colombian Miracle. ♦

**Colombia Transformed**

Before and after President Uribe's Democratic Security Strategy




SOURCE: NAS advisers and program officers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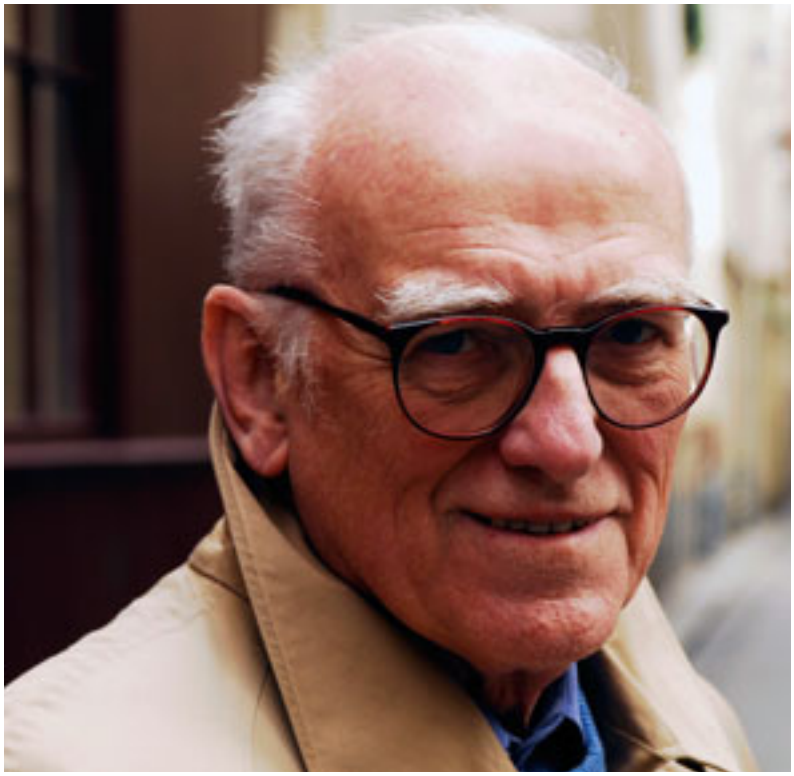
# Cases Closed

## *Revisiting the mysterious legacy of the late, great Donald Westlake*

BY TERRY TEACHOUT



*Westlake in Paris, 2006*

ULF ANDERSEN / GETTY IMAGES

When Donald E. Westlake died unexpectedly last New Year's Eve, thousands of people who'd never met him, myself included, felt as if they'd lost a friend. We knew him only through his novels, of which there are more than a hundred, none of them, so far as I know, obviously autobiographical. He almost always wrote about crime, and more often than not he wrote about it with the express intention of making his readers laugh. Small wonder that we loved him so: In a world that grows less amusing by the hour, Westlake never lost the consoling knack of being very, very funny.

Fourteen of Westlake's novels featured a hapless career criminal by the name of John Dortmunder, a sad sack who embarked on a lifelong losing streak shortly after departing the womb. As all of Dortmunder's loyal fans know, he was born in Dead Indian, Illinois, raised in an orphanage run by the Bleeding Heart Sisters of Eternal Misery, and thereafter relocated to Manhattan, where he operates out of the O.J. Bar and Grill, a seedy Upper West Side joint whose obliging bartender allows small-time crooks to conspire in the back room.

Dortmunder's widely varied capers have two things in common: They always make use of the same string of maladroit, maladjusted hoods, and they never quite work out. While failure ultimately endowed him with a measure of cynical wisdom ("Whenever things sound easy, it turns out there's one part you didn't hear"), it never persuaded him of the wisdom of turning an honest buck, and to the end of his creator's long and fertile life, Dortmunder kept on breaking and entering, unprofitable though it might be.

**Get Real**
by Donald E. Westlake
Grand Central, 278 pp., $23.99

**The Handle**
by Richard Stark
Chicago, 176 pp., $14

**The Rare Coin Score**
by Richard Stark
Chicago, 160 pp., $14

**The Seventh**
by Richard Stark
Chicago, 168 pp., $14

In *Get Real*, the last book that Westlake finished before his death, Dortmunder gets tangled up with a producer of reality TV shows who resolves to put him on the air. While it isn't one of the stronger entries in the series, *Get Real* contains more than enough laughs to give satisfaction. Here as always, the fun comes partly from the precision-tooled farce plot (my favorite Dortmunder novel is called, appropriately enough, *What's the Worst That Could Happen?*) and partly from what happens between pratfalls. A master of droll description, Westlake loved to salt his books with pointed one-liners and testy digressions about whatever happened to be on his mind at the moment. Needless to say, reality TV is the easiest of targets, but it offered Westlake a sufficiency of satirical opportunities, and he made the most of them:

> He not only came up with the most outrageous ideas for reality series, he then went on to make them work. *The One-Legged Race*, for instance.

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> All those wheelchairs, all those colostomy bags, all that bitching and complaint. Apparently, the fewer the limbs you had, the bigger the ego, to compensate.

Like P.G. Wodehouse, a writer with whom he had much in common, Westlake was at his best in his series books. Unlike Wodehouse, though, he had a contrasting string to his bow. Eight years before Dortmunder made his debut, a crime novelist by the name of Richard Stark began publishing a series of paperback originals that featured a humorless, flint-hearted heister named Parker (his first name was never disclosed) who will do anything to anybody in order to get what he wants. Mystery buffs eventually figured out that Stark and Westlake were one and the same man, since the first few Dortmunder books all contained stealthy references to Parker and his henchmen. In 1974 Westlake went so far as to publish *Jimmy the Kid*, a clever piece of postmodernism *avant le lettre* in which one of Dortmunder's pals gets the idea for a kidnapping by reading a Richard Stark novel called *Child Heist*. (Alas, Stark never got around to writing that one.)

Upon closer inspection, it became apparent that Dortmunder was Parker's benign alter ego. Parker specialized in can't-miss crimes that went wrong only because of the fallibility of his less single-minded associates; the Dortmunder novels shifted the premise of the Parker novels to a parallel universe peopled with losers whose plans were infallible only in the sense that they never failed to go sour. Yet both men, for all their self-evident differences, are dedicated craftsmen who worship at the altar of professionalism. Dortmunder's criminal credo can be found in *Nobody's Perfect*, published in 1977:

> It was Dortmunder's belief that in every trade with glamour attached to it—burglary, say, or politics, movies, piloting airplanes—there were the people who actually did the job and were professional about it, and then there were the people on the fringe who were too interested in the glamour and not enough interested in the job, and those were the people who loused it up for everybody else.

Parker feels the same way. "I've always believed the [Parker] books are really about a workman at work, doing the work to the best of his ability," Westlake said in one of his last interviews. The difference is that Parker is as amoral as a loaded shotgun, a man devoid of introspection who lives solely in the present moment, never looking back and thinking ahead only far enough to plan his next job. (I never could figure out why he chose to acquire a steady girlfriend in *The Rare Coin Score*, published in 1967, though the coolly beautiful Claire Willis is as suitable a companion for Parker as could be imagined.) He is, I suppose, a sociopath, if you go in for that sort of label, yet you can't help but cheer him on in his tireless quest to redistribute the wealth of America into his own bottomless pockets by any means necessary, up to and very much including murder.

Unlike Westlake, whose ornate digressions are the best part of his comic novels, Stark was a styleless stylist who got to the point with laconic immediacy, hustling you down the path of plot so briskly that you have to read his books a second time to savor the hard elegance and sober wit with which they are written. He liked to launch them *in medias res* with a sentence that started with the word "when":

> When a fresh-faced guy in a Chevy offered him a lift, Parker told him to go to hell.
>
> When the bandages came off, Parker looked in the mirror at a stranger.
>
> When the knock came at the door, Parker was just turning to the obituary page.
>
> When the phone rang, Parker was in the garage, killing a man.

It was his only trick—and a brilliant one.

In 1974 Westlake stopped writing about Parker. "The character just kind of died for me," he later admitted. Richard Stark remained on ice until 1997, when he published a novel called, appropriately enough, *Comeback*. By that time the Dortmunder novels, which had continued to appear at reasonably regular intervals, had made Westlake a minor celebrity, while the Parker novels, all of which had gone out of print, were fiercely coveted by mystery buffs willing to pay large sums of money for tattered first-edition paperbacks. The publication of *Comeback* won Westlake full-fledged critical *réclame*, and he spent much of the rest of his life alternately chronicling the adventures of his two most popular characters.

In later years the Dortmunder novels grew discursive to a fault (though never less than diverting). Parker, by contrast, was more interesting after his quarter-century hiatus than before it. All seven of the novels that followed *Comeback* are of the highest possible quality. Most of the earlier novels, on the other hand, are somewhat coarser in literary tone than their successors, but still of a piece with the post-*Comeback* books and wholly satisfying in their blunt, unmannered way.

Last year the University of Chicago Press acknowledged their excellence by embarking on a uniform edition of the first 16 novels in the series. To date, 9 have been published in sets of 3, and their consistency is impressive. Of the latest batch, *The Seventh*, originally published in 1966, is the best, though interested parties would do well to begin at the beginning and read *The Hunter*, the 1962 novel that John Boorman filmed five years later as *Point Blank*, in which Lee Marvin was the first and finest of the half-dozen actors to play Parker on screen.

Whether early or late, the Parker novels are all superlative literary entertainments, and despite the undeniable charm of the Dortmunder series, I expect that it is Parker for whom Westlake will be remembered longest. Anyone who doubts the existence of original sin would do well to reflect on the enduring popularity of these unsettling books, whose "hero," lest we forget, is a cold-eyed monster of self-will, the kind of guy you don't want to meet anywhere near a dark alley. Parker's only virtues are his intelligence and his professionalism—yet somehow you always end up rooting for him. Nietzsche knew why: When you look into an abyss, the abyss looks into you. ♦



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B&A

# Professor in Politics

*Grading the successes and failures of Woodrow Wilson.*

**BY ALONZO L. HAMBY**

*Inaugurating the Washington Senators season, 1916*

ASSOCIATED PRESS

Some readers of THE WEEKLY STANDARD may have seen Darryl F. Zanuck's 1944 film, *Wilson*. A cinematic apotheosis that reflected Woodrow Wilson's status as the patron saint of the Democratic party, the movie portrayed a great and earnest president ambushed by vindictive partisans in his fight for a lasting peace underpinned by American membership in the League of Nations. Its implicit thesis was that World War II had been made inevitable almost single-handedly by Wilson's chief antagonist, Senator Henry Cabot Lodge.

In general, professional historians, living in a liberal Democratic world, have treated Woodrow Wilson admiringly, but with considerably more nuance. John Milton Cooper Jr., a historian of great distinction, author of several books set in the Wilson era, and an alumnus of Wilson's cherished Princeton, has given us a landmark one-volume biography squarely in this tradition.

**Woodrow Wilson**
*A Biography*
by John Milton Cooper Jr.
Knopf, 720 pp., $35

Cooper's Wilson was a young man from the secessionist South who found success and recognition by moving north, working tirelessly, and establishing himself as a leading public intellectual. Born into a family of prominent Presbyterian ministers, he took little interest in covenant theology and wore his Christianity lightly.

Pursuing a scholarly career as one of the founders of the emerging discipline of political science, he became a charismatic professor, and a widely read author of works on American history and politics. A Democrat by heritage, he might pay ritual tribute to Thomas Jefferson, but he harbored considerably more admiration for the centralizing modernity of Alexander Hamilton and its corollary of a strong national government spearheaded by a vigorous presidency.

Few American statesmen have been so consumed by big ideas. "I have no patience for the tedious toil of what is known as 'research,'" he told his first wife. "I have a passion for interpreting great thoughts to the world." Wilson was profoundly affected by emerging currents of evolutionary thought, pragmatism, and critical realism. His political philosophy melded the organic conservatism of Edmund Burke with the cautious liberalism of Walter Bagehot. His first, and best, book, *Congressional Government* (1885), depicted a rudderless national regime run by congressional committee chairmen answerable to neither party leaders nor a neutered presidency.

As president of Princeton (1902-1910) Wilson attempted to remake what had been a mediocre college for the sons of the wealthy into a world-class undergraduate institution built around the tutorial system of Oxford and Cambridge. Revolutionary in impact and conservative in conceptualization, this vision ran head-on against the emerging conception of the modern university as primarily a venue for graduate and professional education.

He successfully initiated the tutorial system, but in the struggle that followed over the salience of graduate education, he accepted no compromise and broke off friendships with colleagues who sought a middle ground. As was the case later in his political career, a meritorious policy preference became a rigid moral principle. Facing defeat, he resigned and moved into political life. Cooper tells us that Wilson's obstinacy was justified, but also that he had successfully initiated the transformation of Princeton into a great undergraduate college. Yet had he not also displayed a character trait that led him, having secured at least half a loaf, to embrace defeat rather than declare victory?

*Alonzo L. Hamby, biographer of Harry Truman and the author, most recently, of* For the Survival of Democracy: Franklin Roosevelt and the World Crisis of the 1930s, *teaches history at Ohio University.*



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Never a cloistered academic, Wilson had not shied away from public issues. Before accepting an opportunity to run for governor of New Jersey in 1910 at the age of 53, he was a vocal critic of the populist radicalism personified in the Democratic party by William Jennings Bryan, but he also was an admirer of Theodore Roosevelt's presidential activism and poised to move in the direction of progressive reform.

As chief executive of New Jersey (1911-12), Wilson saw himself as the one authentic voice of the people. Assuming party leadership and acting in the mode of a British prime minister, he used both persuasion and patronage to achieve his objectives. Aligning himself with progressives of both parties, he marginalized the machine that had elected him, then secured an impressive array of legislation for direct democracy (primary elections, initiative, referendum, and recall), corporate regulation, consumer protection, and worker rights. By the beginning of 1912, having held public office for little more than a year, he was a leading Democratic candidate for the presidency. After a bruising primary campaign, he won the nomination at the national convention on the 46th ballot.

The ensuing three-cornered campaign of 1912 (William Howard Taft, Theodore Roosevelt, and Wilson) was in the main a contest between Wilson and Progressive party candidate Roosevelt. Both men favored progressive social programs. TR talked corporate regulation and distinguished between good and bad trusts; Wilson stressed trust-busting and opportunity for "the man on the make." The great progressive journalist William Allen White dismissed the dialogue as tweedledum, tweedledee.

Cooper argues insightfully that there were real differences, but that they involved attitude more than policies and reflected personal biographies. Roosevelt, the product of a patrician background, feared upheaval from the lower orders and sought to impose upon the nation "a vision of transcendent national interest that would inspire people to put aside selfish, parochial interests." Wilson, a striver from the middle class, preached "a vision of constant renewal from below in which people would rise by dint of effort and ability." Roosevelt had the edge in charisma. Wilson had the advantage of a united party and won the election.

His first term as president was one of triumphal progressivism: a meaningful tariff reduction, a federal income tax, establishment of the Federal Reserve system, the Clayton Antitrust Act, creation of the Federal Trade Commission, broad federal programs to aid hard-pressed farmers, a model workmen's compensation act for federal employees, the eight-hour day for railway workers, the epochal appointment of Louis Brandeis to the Supreme Court. Far exceeding Theodore Roosevelt's progressive achievements, these programs laid the basis for his narrow reelection in 1916 by a coalition of farmers and unionized labor that seemed to anticipate Franklin Roosevelt's New Deal political mobilization of 1936.

*Wilson's political philosophy melded the organic conservatism of Edmund Burke with the cautious liberalism of Walter Bagehot.*

The "Wilson coalition" proved evanescent largely because of the disruptions of World War I. Here one wishes Cooper had done a bit more with the ethnic politics of the war, especially the widespread resentment among Irish-Americans—the prime constituencies of big-city Democratic machines—over Wilson's perceived tilt toward Great Britain and disregard of British heavy-handedness in Ireland.

Wilson had been elected to be a domestic reformer, but the war became the touchstone issue of his administration. He had thought seriously about presidential power in the conduct of international relations, but neither he nor his first secretary of state, Bryan, had any practical experience in the field. His efforts to control the course of the Mexican Revolution throughout his first term were hamfisted and ineffective. His attempts to deal with the European cataclysm that erupted in 1914 would have strained the most skilled of diplomatists. Nonetheless, he essentially ran the foreign relations issues of neutrality and war from the White House.

The Allied nations, primarily Britain and France, deluged the United States with war orders, increasingly financed by loans floated by U.S. banking firms; the result was an economic boom that facilitated Wilson's 1916 reelection. The Central Powers, primarily Germany, cut off from American trade by British mastery of the Atlantic, responded with submarine sinkings of merchant ships and other vessels carrying goods to their enemies.

The weight of American popular opinion pretty clearly favored the Allies, but a substantial minority, primarily of Irish and German descent, wanted the Central Powers to win. As the war in Europe degenerated into unimaginable carnage, most Americans, whatever their preferences, simply wanted to stay out of it. Pacifist sentiment was especially strong among Bryanite Southern and Western Democrats. Yet British and French democracy contrasted vividly with German authoritarianism, and the United States had become financially invested in an Allied victory. Worse yet, German submarines took American lives, most notably 128 in the sinking of the British passenger liner *Lusitania*. Germany even undertook a campaign of strategic sabotage within the United States.

Cooper clearly and fully traces Wilson's reluctant road to war with Germany, his domestic leadership in the conflict, his plans for a lasting peace, and his final defeat. But although he knows as much about these events as any living historian, he gives us little of the detached analysis that characterizes earlier portions of the book. Viewing the world largely through Wilson's eyes, he does not address the vital question


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of whether the president possessed a realist's sense of hard national interests or was governed by legalistic and moralistic principles that just happened to come down in favor of the Allies.

There were, after all, hard-headed arguments to be made for coming to the aid of Britain and France. Both countries shared basic democratic values with the United States; both were satisfied empires with no serious designs on the Western Hemisphere. Germany, on the other hand, was a militaristic oligarchy masquerading as a representative government; it had clear ambitions for influence in Mexico and South America.

Even so, what was the sense of arguing that submarines, a new weapon of naval warfare, should observe outmoded rules of visit-and-search, provide for the safety of noncombatants, and only then sink enemy merchant or passenger ships? Why not simply state a policy that Americans traveled on such vessels at their own risk?

In the event, Wilson requested a declaration of war only after Germany had effectively declared war on all American shipping. He united the nation behind the conflict. The aftermath was less happy. American military strength provided a narrow margin of victory to the teetering Allies. The costs to the United States in blood and treasure were relatively small compared with those of the warring Europeans; still, they were substantial. The repression, regimentation, and economic toll of waging war were then succeeded by a chaotic postwar boom and bust.

Against this difficult backdrop, Wilson attempted to dictate a just peace. His program was based on Victorian liberal principles: open diplomacy, freedom of the seas, dismantlement of economic barriers, general reductions in armaments, an "absolutely impartial adjustment of all colonial claims," a general realignment of national boundaries to comply with geographical clusters of ethnicity, and "a general association of nations . . . for the purpose of affording mutual guarantees of political independence and territorial integrity to great and small states alike."

At the beginning of December 1918—about a month after a war-weary people had returned control of Congress to the Republicans—Wilson sailed for Europe to lead the American delegation to the Paris peace conference. The story is familiar. His European counterparts wanted a vengeful peace that would exact retribution from Germany, cared little for vaporous principles, and obtained a document that laid the groundwork for another war. Wilson did achieve his goal of a League of Nations, the covenant of which was written into the treaty, signed at the Palace of Versailles on June 28, 1919.

Many historians today argue that the Treaty of Versailles was not an egregious application of victors' justice, that it redrew the map of Central Europe as fairly as possible, and that it did not in itself doom the interwar European economy to inflation and depression. Be that as it may, Wilson was most concerned with the League of Nations, which he saw as a guarantor of peace for the foreseeable future and compensation for whatever shortcomings existed elsewhere in the document.

*President-elect, 1912*

Was Wilson, at bottom, a pragmatic realist who saw the League as a practical means of maintaining U.S. engagement with the larger world? Or a hopeless idealist who assumed that an association of nations would provide the means for reconciliation of international disputes and raise the force necessary to deter the occasional outlaw state? The author leaves us hanging on that one. Cooper insists that Wilson never saw himself as a messiah, but he depicts a president who pursued his objective with a fervent sense of mission that admitted of no compromise. An America that has witnessed more than a half-century of a United Nations with full U.S. membership must find Wilson's dream incomprehensible.

The opposition, led by Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, was both partisan and personal. As Senate Republican leader, Lodge had no interest in a Democratic diplomatic triumph; moreover, he and Wilson long had heartily detested each other. (It doubtless did not help that both men were holders of Ph.D. degrees.) Still, rather than lead a frontal attack on the treaty, Lodge attached "reservations" to it. More than a political tactic, the Lodge reservations reflected the qualms of a classical realist who understood that nations were motivated by perceptions of self-interest, that power relationships were the driving force in international politics, and that international systems could not be frozen in time.

The leaders of Britain and France understood this viewpoint and were willing to accept the treaty with the Lodge reservations. Wilson's argument, in the end, thus was not just with Lodge but also with David Lloyd George and Georges Clemenceau. His attempt to rally public opinion with a cross-country speaking tour ended with a physical breakdown that made him an invalid president during a time of tumultuous postwar transition, and all but guaranteed a Republican victory in 1920. He left the presidency in March 1921 still an unwell man; three years later he died, a martyr in the eyes of liberal Democrats.

One wishes that Cooper had presented us with more authorial judgment on this last disastrous phase of his subject's career. What he has done is to present us with a very well-crafted, sympathetic portrait of a statesman of great talents and large frailties. This likely will be the definitive Wilson biography for a generation. ♦



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B&A

# Soldiers of Mercy

*The Salvation Army and the religion of compassion.*

**BY MARK TOOLEY**

*Flood relief in Iowa, 2008*

Many Americans know nothing of the Salvation Army beyond its Christmas red kettles and bell-ringers in shopping malls. Or they may recall the 1955 musical *Guys and Dolls*, where gangster Marlon Brando pursues pious Jean Simmons, a "sergeant" at the Save a Soul Mission. But the Army, founded in mid-19th-century Great Britain as a splinter from Methodism, is a lively international denomination in 117 countries with a rich history and expansive cultural and charitable impact.

In the United States alone, it raises $1.2 billion annually (not including the $1.6 billion bequest of McDonald's heiress Joan Kroc in 2003), eclipsing the annual receipts of many major denominations. Internationally, it has 17,000 "officers," over a million "soldiers," and many more volunteers. Its schools employ 16,000 teachers and teach a half-million students. Every year the Army's missions feed, clothe, or otherwise assist millions of poor or displaced persons and victims of natural disasters.

**Christianity in Action**
*The History of the International Salvation Army*
by Henry Gariepy
Eerdmans, 308 pp., $25

Salvationists are a strange church. They don't have clergy but uniformed officers with military ranks, headed by a London-based general. They are evangelical and Wesleyan, with typical low-church moral strenuousness. Officers must forswear liquor, gambling, smoking, and profanity, among other vices. But like Quakers, they don't have sacraments; there is no baptism or eucharist. And unlike many conservative churches, women have always served in leadership and preached.

Famously, the Salvation Army's founder William Booth promised to offer the downtrodden "soap, soup, and salvation." Booth was born in early Victorian England and, at age 15, vowed that "God shall have all there is of William Booth." He was ordained a Methodist, but the church attempted to restrict his evangelistic technique.

"No, never!" reputedly shouted Catherine Booth at a church conference and, embracing her husband, they departed Methodism together to found their new movement, potentially "without a friend and without a farthing."

Booth found his destiny while preaching to street people under a revivalist tent. At first he sent converts to local churches, but the impoverished new believers either did not want to go or were unwelcome in middle-class congregations. So Booth ran his own mission, devoted to evangelism and social work, which in 1878 became The Salvation Army. His forceful and better-educated wife was his closest adviser and was, herself, a popular preacher. She also helped to design the Army's earliest uniforms and its battle flag, a tricolor declaring, in crimson, the motto "Blood and Fire."

Early Salvationists eagerly embraced military lingo. Prayers were "knee drills," tithe envelopes were "firing cartridges," and church buildings were "citadels." When entering a new country, Salvationists "opened fire." Booth was autocratically the first "general." Its newspaper was (and is) *War Cry*, now circulated to over two million. Converts sign "A Soldier's Covenant," affirming their loyalty to Christ; deceased Salvationists are "promoted to Glory." Prospective clergy are "cadets." Naturally, "Onward, Christian Soldiers" became a favorite Salvationist hymn.

Like all good armies, the Salvationists have always had marching bands, which were crucial to attracting crowds to urban street revivals. By 1883, the Army already had 400 brass bands in Great Britain and, for nearly a century, even its own instrument factory. Today, it has 2,000 bands around the world. Despite the music and martial rhetoric, Salvationists in Victorian England were often assaulted by angry mobs, many of them enraged by the Army's opposition to booze. Army buildings were attacked and some municipalities even forbade

*Mark Tooley, president of the Institute on Religion and Democracy, is the author of* Taking Back the United Methodist Church.



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Army marches. In 1882 669 Salvationists were assaulted, one third of them women; 86 were imprisoned, evidently for defying anti-Army ordinances. Of course, Salvationists saw such harassment as validating their war on the Devil's kingdom.

Although supposedly nonpolitical, Salvationists did have political prestige among the Victorians. The Army's 1885 Purity Crusade against sex trafficking produced a petition with nearly 400,000 signatures and resulted in Parliament raising the age of consent and criminalizing solicitation. Combating international sex trafficking remains a major Salvationist emphasis today. Confronted by Social Darwinians distressed over the Army's attention to the vulnerable and disabled, Booth responded, "They believe in the survival of the fit. The Salvation Army believes in the salvation of the unfit." The Army's ministry to Britain's poor was so effective that the Church of England sought a partnership in the 1880s, but the talks failed—partly because Salvationists rejected sacraments and affirmed female preachers.

But the Established Church's overture illustrated Booth's transition from outcast former Methodist to senior Christian leader and humanitarian. The trajectory resembled the life of Methodism's founder, John Wesley, whom Booth revered. Unlike Wesley, Booth was a fecund father, with eight children, most of whom helped spread the message, especially to America. Also unlike Wesley, Booth had an extremely happy marriage, and his preacher wife was herself a religious celebrity until her death in 1890. Booth became friends with the powerful, praying with Cecil Rhodes, having an audience with the Japanese emperor, visiting President McKinley, appearing before the U.S. Senate. He was recognized by Theodore Roosevelt as a "steam engine in trousers."

Booth urged a then-young Winston Churchill, as home secretary, to widen Salvationist access to prisoners. "Am I converted?" Churchill asked. "You are not converted, but I think you are convicted," Booth responded, to which Churchill smiled in return. Rudyard Kipling, watching the white-haired, long-bearded Booth receive an honorary degree from Oxford, pronounced that he had the "head of Isaiah and the fire of the Prophet." The general "laid down his sword" in 1912, having preached between 50-60,000 sermons across 60 years. "The promises of God are sure if you only believe," were said to be among his final words. The funeral was nearly a state occasion. Queen Mary quietly attended, seated next to a former prostitute, who told her of Booth, "He cared for the likes of us."

William Gladstone had once asked Booth how the autocratic Army would replace its general, pointing out that not even the pope appoints his successor, and that the Salvationists made no provision for "calamity, incapacity, or heresy" by their leader. Heeding his warning, Booth set up a High Council to intervene in such crises, while still appointing his capable son, Bramwell, to succeed him. Bramwell led the Army honorably until his illness in 1929, when the first High Council removed him in favor of a non-family member, the first of 16 commanding generals over the last 80 years. The second of these generals was Evangeline Booth, daughter of the founder, who returned home in New York, after her election, to a ticker tape parade. No American-born general was elected until 1994.

Today, three quarters of the Army's members are in the developing world, and the largest Army territory is Kenya, with 350,000 soldiers. The Army is the largest social institution in France (where it's government-funded) and one of the largest in Germany. War and tyrannies occasionally oust the Army, but almost always there's a return, including in Russia, China, and Eastern Europe. The Army is still kept out of North Korea and struggles in Burma; but Europe's increasing secularism is now seen as a major obstacle, with a recent general noting that Salvationists have to be "creative" in what was once the heart of Christendom. An Army "peace force" invaded Iraq in 2003, shortly after the U.S.-led invasion.

The Army operates in Muslim countries, but Henry Gariepy says almost nothing about Salvationists' relations with Islam: Presumably it downplays its Christian spiritual message in Muslim countries. There are moving accounts of Army martyrs to communism, especially in North Korea and China. Other martyrs gave their lives during World War II. When the Iron Curtain fell in 1989 oldsters in Eastern Europe welcomed back the Army, full of grateful memories from 50 years before. In 1978, Marxist guerrillas, having sighted mission stations as "soft targets," murdered two Salvationists in Rhodesia. In protest, the Army withdrew from the World Council of Churches, which was then funding the guerrilla armies as part of its "Program to Combat Racism."

Remarkably, unlike so many other Protestant groups and denominations, the Salvation Army has not gone theologically liberal. It remains pro-life and pro-traditional marriage while not compromising its core doctrines, and remaining mostly non-political. How the Army evaded the trends of mainline Protestantism would be an interesting story that this book does not tell. Presumably, its tight discipline and sacrificial spirit, not unlike many a Roman Catholic order, were key ingredients. The Army, despite its international membership and brilliant organization, has never sought or ever been a very large membership church. This book could have explained why. The Army, though believing in conversion, emphasizes service over evangelism, and often tacitly encourages its constituency to join or remain in other churches. Today it gains extensive government and other secular funding without wide controversy, partly because many are still unaware that Salvationists are an evangelical church.

*Christianity in Action* is written by a dedicated Salvation Army officer. It refers in passing to personality conflicts among officers across the century, and the occasional financial scandal. But overall it portrays a unified Army that is ever advancing across the field of spiritual combat. The story here is very informative, and often inspiring, if almost certainly incomplete. ♦



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B&A

# Liberals Forever?

*Norman Podhoretz ponders the politics of American Jews.* **BY PHILIP TERZIAN**

JAMES KEYSER / TIME LIFE PICTURES / GETTY IMAGES

Milton Himmelfarb's epigram that "Jews earn like Episcopalians and vote like Puerto Ricans" has the virtue of being true as well as funny. It also expresses an interesting paradox. In the history of the American republic, immigrant groups have tended to vote consistently with their interests, and move rightward with affluence. But Jews are an exception. While they have moved from poverty to wealth, and from subsistence at the margins of American society to distinction and influence far out of proportion to their numbers, they remain steadfast in their loyalty to left politics and the Democratic party.

**Why Are Jews Liberals?**
by Norman Podhoretz
Doubleday, 352 pp., $27

Of course, Himmelfarb's famous phrase describes the paradox, but does not explain it. So it is up to Norman Podhoretz, who has spent much time pondering the position of American Jews, to diagnose what must seem a kind of social pathology: Why are Jews liberals? In the end, he offers a tentative explanation and professes some wonder at the phenomenon. But the argument is well worth hearing. This is a thoughtful and illuminating volume, and a compact social and political history of the Jews in the United States. It is also a succinct meditation—expressed, as no one should be shocked to discover, with style and energy—on politics as a measure of society, and on America as an ongoing experiment in democracy. Like the best works of this kind, *Why Are Jews Liberals?* is scarcely limited to one question.

To be sure, we are speaking here in broad generalities. Not all Jews are liberals, people vote the way they do for a variety of reasons, and every citizen has his own idea of self-interest. But the consistency with which Jews have identified with the left is a political fact of life, and very nearly impervious to changes in the status of Jews or the issues and personalities that confront voters.

In historical terms, as Podhoretz describes them, this is entirely comprehensible. The peculiar circumstances of Jewish life in Europe, and the forces which impelled the great majority of immigrants to seek refuge in 19th- and 20th-century America, taught them some early and indelible political lessons. Their civil adversaries, in the old country and new, were on the right; neither Protestants nor Roman Catholics were immune to anti-Semitism. But while the process of assimilation was, strictly speaking, swift and comprehensive for Jews, and the old social barriers breached in due course, the folk memory of oppression—instilled in experience spanning three millennia—remains strong.

To this might be added the religious dimension of Jewish liberalism, which Podhoretz acknowledges, and which is often invoked as a key to political loyalties. But religious doctrines of any kind are sufficiently elastic to explain all manner of politics. And Judaism is more than a set of religious beliefs. The self-consciousness of the Jews as a people, and as a people with a long and difficult corporate history, is not likely to be dispelled by the transitory issues of presidential politics.

Two existential factors are decisive as well. As Podhoretz explains, in one

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crucial decade in the mid-20th century, Jews faced fundamental questions of survival: first, in Hitler's determination to exterminate the Jews of Europe (and presumably elsewhere, given the opportunity); and second, in the establishment of a Jewish state in the Middle East. Once again, Jewish loyalties are not difficult to explain: It was fascism which built Auschwitz; the principal American antagonists to Hitler (notably Franklin D. Roosevelt) were Democrats; and it was another Democratic president, Harry Truman, who defied his senior diplomatic counselors and recognized Israel at the moment when American recognition was most crucial.

Not everyone is bound to agree with Podhoretz about the central importance of Israel for Jewish voters: Very nearly all Jews are concerned about the security of Israel, and certain presidents have been more helpful than others to the Jewish state. Certainly Israel is an important factor for Jews when they cast a ballot. But Israeli policies can divide American Jews as much as Israelis; and Jews, like all voters, have a myriad of concerns—not least a lingering suspicion about evangelical Christianity, which they associate with the Republican party, and strong support for abortion rights.

The great value of Podhoretz's study is not so much his enumeration of the many means by which Jews vote against their interests in a variety of bewildering ways—overlooking anti-Semitism on the left, for example, or rationalizing racial quotas—but in his notion that, in a secular environment, liberalism is itself a kind of religious faith which, in America, competes in its particulars with a fractured American Judaism. "To most American Jews," he writes, "liberalism is not . . . merely a necessary component of Jewishness: it is the very essence of being a Jew."

It is a startling insight, and Podhoretz clings to the hope that American Jews will someday awaken to its implications. They could not do better than to read and debate this brilliant, disarming, engaging work. ♦

B&A

# Liquid Assets

*Big oil, big money, and Texas-sized tales.*

**BY WINSTON GROOM**

*H. L. Hunt marketing his novel, 1960*

BETTMANN / CORBIS

Growing tired of the rich these days? Bored with greedy Wall Streeters' multi-million-dollar bonuses and mansions in the Hamptons? Fed up by Gatsbyesque jerks with Lear jets and Gulfstream IVs, yachts the size of Puerto Rico, and trophy wives sporting enough jewelry to turn you into a Communist?

Don't you long for the good old rich of yore—the days when they hunted grouse in plus-fours and dressed for dinner, and men all talked like Cary Grant while lighting their ladies' cigarettes? Wasn't that your idea of what the *real* rich were about?

Well, hold onto your hat, Mabel—you ain't seen nothin' yet! Here on parade, straight out of Texas, are the Hunts, Murchisons, Richardsons, Cullens, and a whole dadburn slew of others suddenly-rich-enough-in-their-day to make the Duponts, Mellons, Rockefellers, and Vanderbilts look like a bunch of pikers! The Big Rich, they were called, the *Serious* Rich, or "Oilionnaires" who took America by *sturm ung drang* in the mid-20th century before imploding like a gaggle of gasbags, leaving behind precious little but some oil refineries and the Dallas Cowboys cheerleaders.

**The Big Rich**
*The Rise and Fall of the Greatest Texas Oil Fortunes*
by Bryan Burrough
Penguin, 480 pp., $29.95

But in their time they were giants to be reckoned with, and poked fun at, and ultimately held up as examples of how *not* to be rich, and so when somebody—especially somebody who writes for *Vanity Fair*—puts out a book called *The Big Rich* it's perfectly reasonable to suspect it's going to be another hatchet job on folks who had the good luck to make a little money in the *awl bidness* but were unlucky enough to hail from

*Winston Groom is the author, most recently, of* Vicksburg, 1863.



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Texas—yep, *that* Texas: nemesis of labor unions, wolfsbane of (gasp) income taxes, and home of the dreaded Dubya.

Naturally, this reviewer's suspicions were correct. The author exposes the Big Rich for what they were, which in most cases was grasping, inept, bigger-than-life parvenus who didn't dress for dinner or talk like Cary Grant, and if they ever tried to light a lady's cigarette, they'd probably set her hair on fire. But since the author is Bryan Burrough, whose venerable *Barbarians at the Gate* earns him legitimate credentials, let's see what it's all about.

Meet, for instance, H.L. Hunt, serial bigamist, professional gambler, and, for a while, the richest man on earth, whom even William F. Buckley Jr. said "gave capitalism a bad name"; Hugh Roy Cullen, another World's Richest Man, fifth-grade dropout, geologic genius, and "Faulkner-esque figure in a white summer suit, who detested 'Communists,' 'pinkos,' and especially Roosevelt." Then there was Sid Richardson, one more billionaire wildcatter who, "a few days before Christmas 1955 . . . flew to Washington in one of his DC-3s laden with steaks, quail, and ducks" for his pal President Dwight D. Eisenhower, in an effort to persuade him to drop Richard Nixon as his vice president in favor of one of Big Oil's closer friends. And consider Clint Murchison, who enjoyed the thoroughbred racing in Southern California so much that he built a swank private facility, the Hotel Del Charro in La Jolla, for himself and his friends to enjoy during the racing season. It quickly became a gathering spot for movie stars, East Coast politicians, and, of all people, FBI director J. Edgar Hoover, who arrived in 1952 with his companion Clyde Tolson, and freeloaded each summer thereafter, meals included, for the next 20 years.

The Big Rich were self-made men who, by dint of savvy, guts, finagling, and chutzpah, primed the great Texas oil boom in the early 20th century. Any similarity to the staid WASPy rich of New England, the Atlantic Coast, or even Chicago, was purely coincidental—with the arguable exception of Hunt, who carried his lunch in a brown bag and drove himself to work every day, yet built (at least for one of his several families ) a replica of George Washington's Mount Vernon.

These guys had more money than God and didn't care who knew it—in fact, they reveled in it. Murchison gave his trophy wife an engagement ring worth a million in today's dollars and bought 38-mile-long Matagorda Island off the Texas Gulf Coast in its entirety. Not to be outdone, his running mate Sid Richardson acquired nearly-as-big neighboring St. Joseph's Island, where he built a hurricane-proof house resembling a large mechanical factory.

*The image of the uncouth, loudmouthed, right-wing Texas oilman became stock fodder for novels, movies, political cartoons, and television, probably reaching its apogee with the TV series 'Dallas.'*

Edna Ferber took it all in and wrote a potboiler about the Texas oil rich phenomenon, which she entitled *Giant.* It became a hit movie starring James Dean, Rock Hudson, and Elizabeth Taylor, and featured the grand opening of an oil baron's swank new hotel, suspiciously similar to Dallas's famous Shamrock built by the flamboyant wildcatter Glen McCarthy.

As might be expected, that kind of money wielded enormous political power, and not just in Texas; then congressman Lyndon Johnson was bought and sold by Texas Big Oil, a feat that was apparently not so hard to accomplish. Likewise, in the days before campaign finance reform, Dwight Eisenhower owed a great deal to Big Oil, in particular from investing in wells drilled by his new best friend Sid Richardson.

As Burrough relates it, through "an old *family friend*":

> There's an old game in oil, you know, where your friends, they only invest in your good wells, not the bad wells? You understand? It was that way with Eisenhower. You never could prove it. But he did it. I know he did. Sid told me.

It was apparently the same with J. Edgar Hoover, who invested in wells drilled by Clint Murchison. Murchison, however, was not sufficiently awed by Hoover to keep him from expressing himself when the opportunity arose. On one of Hoover's free visits to his Hotel Del Charro, the FBI director was seated quietly beside the buffet while Murchison had drunk just enough bourbon to suddenly turn to his guest and shout at him in front of the entire poolside crowd, "Goddamnit, Hoover, get your ass out of that chair and get me another bowl of chili!"

Another frequent guest at the Hotel Del Charro was Sen. Joe McCarthy who, at various times in the early 1950s, had become a favorite with most of the Big Oil Rich until he made himself obnoxious. This caused more widespread embarrassment as McCarthy became increasingly unpopular with the Eastern press, and the *Washington Post* took it upon itself to investigate McCarthy's relationship with Big Oil. This, in turn, caused the beginnings of a backlash against the oilmen, including skepticism by their fellow Texans through their own home town newspapers, "from which [they] never really recovered."

But the damage had been done, and the image of the uncouth, loudmouthed, right-wing Texas oilman became stock fodder for novels, movies, political cartoons, and television, probably reaching its apogee with the TV series *Dallas.* Eventually, time and the fates began catching up with the Big Rich; by the 1970s most of the original wildcatters


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had died, and Texas oil had begun to die with them, victim of cheaper imported oil from the Middle East. The scions, for a time, managed to keep up appearances, but soon cracks began to appear in the façade. The Cullens, for instance, "harbored a secret, and to their dismay it arrived on their doorsteps," a few years after Cullen's death, in the form of Baron Enrico "Ricky" di Portanova, who was the son of the family's "lost daughter" Lillie, who had gone crazy years earlier and become a 400-pound bag lady in New York.

Early on, many of the Big Rich, Murchison included, had sent their daughters to Europe in hopes of snagging some kind of nobility, or even royalty. France was the preferred destination for meeting count-no-counts, or Italy, since the English royals were still wealthy and not in need of Texan commoners for wives.

In any case, di Portinova, then in his thirties and a minor jet-set playboy, had been on a $5,000-a-month "allowance," but after Cullen's death, he smelled a fortune and went to Houston to lay a claim. The mortification of a lawsuit soon produced credible suggestions that the Cullens had attempted (and failed, with the wrong man murdered) to have di Portinova assassinated; in the end Baron Ricky got a very small part of what he had sought, which was still enough to make him an extremely wealthy man.

Clint Murchison's two sons, John and Clint Jr., had gone to Yale and MIT, respectively, and seemed poised for a spectacular career managing their father's money, but it did not turn out that way—at least not in the long run. They began a hugely successful real estate development business, as well as other diversifications such as the Dallas Cowboys football franchise—which quickly became the sport's biggest earner—and a restaurant chain called Tony Roma's. But the culture of the 1960s and '70s proved as damaging to the Murchisons as it had to practically everyone who bought into it: Clint Murchison Jr. became so addicted to drugs, booze, and sex that he quit flying in his own plane to Cowboys games so that he could seduce the stewardesses of Dallas-based Braniff Airways.

In the end, the Murchisons lost it all, and Clint in his final years was evicted from his mansion, his possessions sold at auction, and spent his final days in a little house in the suburbs "not much bigger" than his former living room. H.L. Hunt's problems, as well, increased as he got on in years, first in the form of a lawsuit wrought by his multiple bigamies. Upon Hunt's death the bulk of his wealth went to the wife in his first bigamous affair, but then a third woman and her children turned up from Atlanta and sued for their share of the estate. It was finally settled for millions, but not without considerable embarrassment to the original family. And Hunt himself had nearly bankrupted his vast estate.

However, Hunt's three sons, Herbert, Lamar, and the porcine Nelson Bunker Hunt, seemed poised to outdo even this most famous of all the Texas oilmen, until greed, stupidity, and sloth intervened. First came the 1973 Arab oil embargo in the wake of the Yom Kippur War, followed by the fall of the shah in Iran, which set off a huge Texas drilling boom that saw the price of oil rise 2,000 percent. Suddenly the Hunts were again making money hand-over-fist—literally billions—until they got the bright idea to corner the silver market. Silver, like gold (and oil, for that matter), is considered a good hedge against inflation, which was certainly a factor in the late-'70s economy. The Hunts first bought small amounts, but then the fever seized them and soon their accumulations, along with a cabal of their friends, accounted for some 77 percent of the world's private silver stock.

As silver prices soared from $1.50 to $50 an ounce in consequence of their buying, the Hunts began to squander their newfound wealth. Bunker acquired a stable of 700 thoroughbred racehorses, as well as millions of acres of cattle ranches, tens of millions in rare coins, and other playthings. Then it all came crashing down. The Hunts had been borrowing money to buy their silver but suddenly—to stem inflation, or so he said—Fed chairman Paul Volker ordered banks to quit lending money for "speculation" in commodities and metals. This forced the Hunts to sell in order to meet margin calls, which in turn caused the silver bubble to burst all the way back to $10 an ounce, which prompted Bunker (always good for a quotation) to remark, "A billion dollars isn't what it used to be."

Sid Richardson had no offspring but he had brought along his nephew, Perry Bass, as a kind of ward or surrogate son, and upon the old wildcatter's death, Bass inherited much of the remains of his huge fortune. Unlike his other second-generation cohort, Bass did not fritter away his money, and the investment empire built by him and his sons continues to flourish.

Bryan Borrough has written a fascinating, page-turning, informative, and (mostly) honest book about these people, except when he feels a need to scrape to the *Vanity Fair* crowd with a zinger about somebody hating Franklin Roosevelt or Harry Truman. Hell, a lot of people hated Roosevelt or Truman, but it didn't necessarily make them despicable! However, I do wish that Borrough had refrained from writing that Senator McCarthy was a member of the House Un-American Activities Committee, or that Colonel (later General) Jimmy Doolittle was a naval aviator. It would have made for smoother sailing.

Like the dinosaurs, the Texas Big Rich have mostly vanished, and it's unlikely that we'll see their kind again. There were quite a few of them besides the ones described here: gamblers to a man, and borrowers to the hilt, even after they'd struck it rich. A lot of them lost it all, or at least most of it at one time or other—and some even more than once. But they played out their lives as if they were in a high-stakes game of poker, and losing didn't seem to make them bitter.

Still, it's ironic that, according to *Forbes*'s latest list of wealthy Americans, the richest person in Texas isn't even an oilman anymore; it's the computer whiz Michael Dell. ♦



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B&A

# Christmas Conquest

*When Sherman's march through Georgia ended at the sea.* **BY EDWARD ACHORN**

*The Union Army enters Savannah, December 21, 1864*

BETTMANN / CORBIS

In Saint Luke's rendition of the Christmas story, "a multitude of the heavenly host" appears to shepherds tending their flocks, and proclaims, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."

Some interpret the multitude as a heavenly army, proclaiming peace instead of war. Peace (and thus war) has always been woven into the Christmas message. That's something Stanley Weintraub certainly understands. He has explored the juxtaposition of war and Christmas—and the holiday's particular poignancy for soldiers far from home, suffering from loneliness, cold, and fear—in a series of captivating books, rich in anecdotes and strong personalities, including *Silent Night* (2001), *General Washington's Christmas Farewell* (2003) and *Eleven Days in December: Christmas at the Bulge, 1944* (2006). This season, he offers a brisk account of William Tecumseh Sherman's relentless march across Georgia in November and December 1864, as the Union general drove his army of 62,000 to take the state's biggest port before Christmas Day.

**General Sherman's Christmas**
*Savannah, 1864*
by Stanley Weintraub
Smithsonian/HarperCollins, 256 pp., $24.99

Cut off from communication with the North, Sherman's multitudes became the "Lost Army," prompting Southern supporters to predict it would suffer obliteration as Napoleon's forces had in Russia. ("Who is to furnish the snow for this Moscow retreat?" scoffed Ulysses S. Grant.) Abraham Lincoln, fending off inquisitive reporters, characteristically compared Sherman to a mole: "We all know where he went in at," said Lincoln, "but I can't tell where he will come out at." When his head finally popped up, Sherman famously telegraphed the president: "I beg to present you as a Christmas gift the city of Savannah."

This is hardly an edifying story. Its lank, red-haired, weather-beaten main character himself had few illusions about the experience of war, with its insane destruction and horrifying twists of fate. "Glory," Sherman noted, "was all moonshine; even success [at] the most brilliant is over dead and mangled bodies, with the anguish and lamentation of distant families." His march was a cruel one, meant to demonstrate to the South its inability to defend itself against the Union war machine, and the futility of going on. "If the people raise a howl against my barbarity and cruelty," he wrote, "I will answer that war is war, and not popularity-seeking. If they want peace, they and their relatives must stop the war."

Brushing aside the small forces sent against them, some of them pathetic collections of old men and teenagers, Sherman's army laid waste to the heart of Georgia, burning farms, stripping away crops and animals, prompting thousands of slaves to declare themselves free men and women, and unleashing a plague of "bummers"—soldiers not strictly following orders—who brutalized the populace and robbed it of anything of value.

Whether this did anything but stiffen the resolve of Southerners to fight on, and plant seeds of bitterness that bore poisonous fruit for generations to come, remains a matter of debate. It is a debate on which Weintraub does not dwell. His interest is not in developing empyreal visions of policy and strategy, but in putting the reader right on the muddy ground, slogging along with the troops in a cold rain; or waiting, terrified, with women in a plantation house as the dark cloud on the horizon becomes hundreds of men, bent on destroying all that a family had painstakingly built up, leaving acute want and fear of starvation in their wake.

Vivid scenes crowd the book. The brigade band from the 33rd Massa-

*Edward Achorn, deputy editorial page editor of the* Providence Journal*, is the author of the forthcoming* Fifty-nine in '84: Old Hoss Radbourn, Barehanded Baseball, and the Greatest Season a Pitcher Ever Had *(Smithsonian/HarperCollins).*



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chusetts plays the "Miserere" from Verdi's *Il Trovatore* as the troops leave behind the black columns of smoking Atlanta. At a crossroads village named Shady Dale, slave girls emerge to perform, repeatedly, a solemn "plantation dance" for the troops, delivering a "weird plaintive wail." Men tear up railroad tracks, then heat the rails over a blistering fire of felled telegraph poles and Southern pines, and bend them around trees to form "Sherman's bow ties." In one home, General Oliver O. Howard sits at a table as an invited guest, asking God's blessing under skies reddened by burning houses nearby. In the capitol at Milledgeville, Union soldiers gather in the vandalized House of Representatives and constituted themselves the legislature of Georgia. Listening to the fading notes of a military band by the glow of his campfire one night, Sherman turns to an officer and says: "Send an orderly to ask that band to play that tune again."

And of course, there is Christmas in surrendered Savannah. From the day of Sherman's arrival, a constant stream of former slaves—"old and young, men, women and children, black, yellow and cream-colored, uncouth and well-bred, bashful and talkative," according to one witness—passes by his headquarters, hoping to meet the man they see as their deliverer. Some manage to shake his hand. On a cold and windy Christmas Eve, presaging a rainy Christmas Day, the 33rd Massachusetts band serenades Sherman with sentimental tunes. When a clergyman asks Sherman if he may pray on Christmas Day for "certain persons," as instructed by the diocese, Sherman reportedly answers: "Yes, certainly, pray for Jeff Davis. Certainly pray for the devil, too. I don't know any two that require prayers more than they do." The general's sentimentality had its limits.

Christmas 1864 in America, the last such holiday during our nation's bloodiest war, was not particularly happy in many homes, North and South, that had suffered the loss of sons and sustenance. But *General Sherman's Christmas* makes it a memorable one. ♦

B&A

# It Takes a Visage

*The rebirth of learning in the art of portraiture.*

**BY EDWARD SHORT**

Towards the end of the first act of *Macbeth*, Duncan asks after the traitor Cawdor and is told that he died confessing his treachery, to which the too-trusting king replies:

*There's no art*
*To find the mind's construction in the face.*
*He was a gentleman on whom I built*
*An absolute trust …*

**Renaissance Faces**
*Van Eyck to Titian*
by the National Gallery,
Lorne Campell, Luke Syson,
Miguel Falomir,
and Jennifer Fletcher
Yale, 304 pp., $70

And then Macbeth strides into the royal presence, whereupon Duncan exclaims: "More is thy due than more than all can pay." It is a moment of supreme irony. And yet we can be grateful that the artists featured in *Renaissance Faces* did not agree with Duncan. Van Eyck, Pisanello, Giovanni Bellini, Baldovinetti, Hans Memling, Hans Holbein, Lorenzo Lotto, Ghirlandaio, Raphael, Pontormo, and Titian would all have insisted that there *is* "an art to find the mind's construction in the face," and their portraits prove it.

Curators of London's National Gallery arranged the portraits of *Renaissance Faces* topically under "Remembering," "Identity, Attributes, Allegory," "Courtship and Friendship," "Family," "Love and Beauty," "Drawing Portraits," and "Portraits of Rulers." Yale has outdone itself in the book's production, and the catalogue commentary brims with curatorial insight. If nothing fascinated the Renaissance more than the human in all its abundance, nothing exhibits this fascination better than the Renaissance portrait. Taken together, the book constitutes a kind of illustrated history of that fascination, which nicely complements more full-dress histories.

On exhibit here is Giovanni Bellini's portrait of Leonardo Loredan (1501-2), which captures the Venetian doge six years before the League of Cambrai went to war against Venice "to extinguish, like a great fire," as Pope Julius put it, "the insatiable rapacity of the Venetians." Once war was joined, Loredan used the customary state banquet held on the Feast of St. Mark to urge his compatriots to forget their differences and unite to save the Republic; he even donated his private plate to the Treasury and gave back more than half his salary. As it happened, Venice lost the war, and a good deal of its Italian empire, but Loredan managed to recoup some of his personal losses by extracting 500,000 ducats from Pope Julius—a huge sum in those days.

In Bellini's portrait we can see not only the subtlety but the serenity of the man about whom Lord Norwich wrote: "Unlike so many of his predecessors, he could boast no glittering record as admiral or diplomat . . . he had spent virtually all his active life in Venice." There, he learned the intricate protocols of a state that was notoriously insistent on keeping its rulers in their place. For all the sumptuousness of his horned hat and white and gold silk mantle, Loredan resembles nothing so much as a ship's figurehead—a witty pun on the Venetian ship of state's real figurehead. But in all the years he spent in that magnificent sea-girt cage, Loredan also acquired a certain world-weary sense of humor. And in Bellini's portrait it is just palpable in the smile that plays along his subject's otherwise impassive lips, a smile that must have

*Edward Short is finishing a book about John Henry Newman and his contemporaries which will be published by Continuum.*



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flashed into a triumphant grin when Julius forked over.

Raphael's great *Portrait of Pope Julius II* (1511) is also included here, showing the imperious patron looking uncharacteristically vulnerable, though Vasari attests that when the portrait was first shown, "it was so lifelike and real that it made the onlooker shrink from it in fear, as if the pope were truly alive." Julius, for all of his enduring achievements, was hardly a popular pope. He was known as *il terrible*—which might be translated as "holy terror." There was little that was pious about him. For Julius, the papacy was a power to be extended and enriched and he saw himself, above all, as charged with its worldly aggrandizement. That he was, on the whole, an able administrator did not spare him from criticism. In her lively history of the building of St. Peter's, over so much of which Julius presided, R.A. Scotti observes, "Few popes provoked more vitriol in their lifetimes. Anti-Julius fury was pitiless. Scurrilous plays, cartoons, pasquinades and diatribes of every sort condemned the della Rovere pope for his bellicosity, his wily politics, and his duplicitous power grabs."

Yet Raphael shows that the man who goaded Bramante, Raphael, and Michelangelo into remaking Rome into what Jacob Burckhardt called "the Classical City of the World . . . and the Papacy [into] the pioneer of civilization" was not incapable of introspection. With his downcast gaze and air of being at once a million miles away and imprisoned in his pontifical setting, Julius does indeed seem, as the curators describe him, "a man too preoccupied to perform for the artist for whom he is sitting." No pontiff had ever been shown in so human a light.

An equally revealing portrait is that of Queen Mary of England (1554), the daughter of Henry VIII and Catherine of Aragon, by the Netherlandish painter Antonis Mor, which was commissioned by Mary's Spanish husband Philip II in the year of their ill-fated marriage. When still a young woman, Mary refused to swear the Oath of Supremacy, rejecting her father's claim to be head of the English Church, an act of extraordinary courage, considering that such defiance cost Thomas More and many others their lives. Withstanding years of court intrigue, she ascended the throne in 1553, after the death of Edward VI, reconciled England to Roman Catholicism in 1555, and died three years later at the age of 42.

The curators point out how, "when Philip would not return to England, [Mary] vented her rages on his portraits. On one occasion she was reported to have kicked a portrait of Philip from her privy chamber, on another, to have scratched at his portraits in her chamber." In the portrait here, the look of cold impatient contempt that she turns to painter and viewer alike is arresting. (Could she have been annoyed by the painter's reformed religion?) Her regal glower confirms the impression left by a Venetian ambassador that her "eyes are so piercing as to command not only respect but awe from those on whom she casts them." Equally arresting is the fact that she scarcely sits on her red and gold upholstered throne, which is shown at a precarious diagonal. Instead, her tense, menacing figure seems merely to shadow it. And to the left of her, beyond the immediate setting, a brooding darkness awaits.

*Bellini's Leonardo Loredan*

NATIONAL GALLERY, LONDON / ART RESOURCE, NY

Altogether, the portrait is a study in unease and uncertainty, made all the more poignant by the fact that when Mary sat for the painting she was convinced (delusively) that she was pregnant. Of course, she produced no heir; and yet at the very center of the portrait Mor pointedly positions a reliquary set with a Jerusalem cross of diamonds, hanging from Mary's girdle, surrounded by figures of the four Evangelists. For Mary, alone on a throne that she could hardly hold, the only stable thing in her otherwise unstable life was her faith. Philip, for his part, detested the painting. As the curators point out, the English portraits of the queen are much more flattering. Yet in refusing to idealize his subject, Mor got at something deeply true about Mary and her predicament.

These are portraits of well-known figures. But just as engaging are portraits of unknowns. For example, there is Ghirlandaio's *Portrait of a Lady* (ca. 1490), which shows a young woman before a walled city in an idyllic countryside complete with winding roads, a river, cypress trees, and blue mountains. As the curators note, everything about the young woman seems to exemplify the "grave demeanour and self-restraint" that Leon Battista Alberti, the great Renaissance architect, painter, poet, musician, and philosopher, commended in respectable brides; and yet at the bottom left of the painting the subject's fingers are shown carelessly holding, or perhaps letting go, an orange blossom, symbol of chastity. This sweet-faced, blonde, Botticellian woman looks beyond the viewer, intent on keeping her own counsel, but those fingers have a mind of their own.

In stark contrast, there is a joint portrait by Jan Gossaert called *An Elderly Couple* (1520), showing an old man and his wife, looking respectively exasperated and resigned—a Flemish Darby and Joan. The young woman in Ghirlandaio's painting would never begin to fathom the regrets that exercise these two venerable souls. Gossaert concedes as much by showing two sprightly nudes in a badge the old man wears in his cap, proof of the immeasurable divide between youth and age. If one purpose of portraits was to commemorate the living, another was to disillusion the dying.



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Still another was to moralize. In *Portrait of a Collector* (1523) Parmigiano, the great Mannerist, shows an acquisitive, hard-nosed connoisseur grasping a jewel-encased Book of Hours (still extant in the Biblioteca Civia Berio, Genova) while before him a statuette of Ceres, goddess of fertility, lies grotesquely on its back and behind him a marble relief of Mars and Venus shows the God of War taking Venus in his arms for what promises to be a passionate kiss. The moral here is unmistakable: The art the collector accumulates has more life in it than he does, which makes a travesty of the productivity enjoined by Ceres; we must not confuse the amassing of fine things with living. Yet if Renaissance collectors had taken Parmigiano's apologue entirely to heart, we would never have had the hoard of antique art that made the Renaissance possible.

*Renaissance Faces* includes good essays on the history of Renaissance portraiture by, among others, Luke Syson, curator of Italian paintings at the National Gallery ("Witnessing Faces, Remembering Souls"), and Jennifer Fletcher, formerly senior lecturer at the Courtauld Institute ("The Renaissance Portrait: Functions, Uses and Display"). Syson observes how the genre developed as a result of the rediscovery of antique portraiture—which can be seen at its best in the busts of such imperial monsters as Caligula and Caracalla—and the Renaissance study of physiognomy. Dante, Dürer, Holbein, and Erasmus all followed Pomponius Gauricus in seeing physiognomy "as a way of observing by which we deduce the qualities of souls from the features of bodies." The Milanese art theorist Gian Paolo Lomazzo recognized that it was the peculiar charge of portrait painters to identify the *passioni dell' animo* (the "passions of the mind") in the features of the face. Fletcher makes an even more fundamental point when she says, "In the context of expanding collecting and connoisseurship, portraits were often valued not for a sitter's identity, which might be unknown, but rather for their technique, rarity, good looks and execution."

The people of the Renaissance, in other words, liked these portraits for the same reason that viewers today like them: They make for wonderful art. ♦

B&A

# Twenty Over Par

*A celebration of the great American game that began in Scotland.* **BY BYRON YORK**

*Ben Hogan in action, ca. 1950*

Like any sport, golf has its sacred relics. There's Bobby Jones's putter, Calamity Jane. The four-wood Gene Sarazen used to hit the shot heard 'round the world. John Daly's bar tabs. Golfers love that kind of thing, no matter how esoteric. For example, Ben Hogan had a couple of extra spikes custom-drilled into his golf shoes. He said it gave him more stability when nailing those one-irons that came to rest eight feet from the flag. Studying the soles of Hogan's shoes is enormously fascinating for the true devotee.

**The Golf Book**
by the editors of *Sports Illustrated*
Sports Illustrated, 288 pp., $29.95

But you can take things too far. And in *The Golf Book*, the new coffee-table offering from *Sports Illustrated*, we are presented with a reliquary that includes a photo of a 1950s-era bottle of paraffin oil, a noxious fluid then used to treat irregularity. Its connection to golf immortality is that it came from Nicklaus Drugs, the Columbus, Ohio, shop where owner Charlie Nicklaus, father of Jack, made the money that allowed his son to learn the game at Scioto Country Club. Perhaps one could argue that if Charlie hadn't sold that very bottle of laxative, the boy might never have gone on to win 18 major championships. But does paraffin oil really rank up there with Hogan's spikes?

Still, that's a quibble. These days, with Tiger Woods in the scandal sheets and a new president trying to become the golfingest chief executive since Eisenhower, *The Golf Book* is a broad and pleasant introduction to the game's legends. Even if a golfer has seen much of it before, he probably wouldn't mind looking at it again. There are excerpts

NEWSCOM

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from *SI*'s greatest golf writing: Herbert Warren Wind's report on the 1958 Masters, in which he gave the name "Amen Corner" to the fateful intersection of the 11th, 12th, and 13th holes. Byron Nelson's 1997 eulogy for his friend Hogan: "He was a peculiar person, and I'm a peculiar person, so it's no surprise that ours was a peculiar relationship." Jim Murray's lovely 1955 report on Hogan's weary, whisky-sipping locker-room banter with fellow players when it appeared he had won what would have been a record-setting fifth U.S. Open—only, in the end, to find out that the unknown Jack Fleck had caught up with him, forcing a next-day playoff that Hogan would lose.

There are classic photos, too. There's a great shot of the press tent at the 1951 Masters—a real tent, with plank floors, bare-bulb lighting, and a chalk scoreboard, and reporters in argyle socks and press-guy hats pounding on big Underwood typewriters. A shot of the bag-drop at the '54 Masters: The players' bags were skinny, beat-up, plaid cloth-and-leather affairs, nothing like the garish, logo-covered steamer trunks that caddies carry today. And there's a swimming pool shaped like a sand wedge, featuring "a hot tub at the hotel," courtesy of John Solheim, of the Ping golf equipment family.

The centerpiece of *The Golf Book* is its ranking of the top 20 players in history. Although it promises the results "are sure to start arguments," there's not much to argue about; would anyone dispute that Nicklaus, Woods, and Jones are the top three? The only remarkable thing is that there is only one player active today (Woods) who is in the all-time top 20. In 1950, three of the top 20—Hogan, Nelson, and Sam Snead—were active. In 1965, four—Nicklaus, Arnold Palmer, Gary Player, and Billy Casper—were active. In 1980, five—Nicklaus, Player, Lee Trevino, Tom Watson, and Seve Ballesteros. Now, there's just Woods. More than anything, the list shows how today's players, apart from Tiger, don't measure up to history.

Perhaps in a decade or so, when the next big coffee-table golf extravaganza comes out, things will be different. Certainly we will have some new relics, perhaps including the nine-iron (or maybe it was a lob wedge?) that Elin Woods allegedly wielded as she allegedly chased her allegedly cheating husband Tiger around the garage of their Florida mansion before his fateful SUV ride into a tree.

Until then, *The Golf Book* will do just fine. ♦

B&A

# Firmer Foundation

*Curriculum as a source of national unity, equality, and strength.* **BY JOAN FRAWLEY DESMOND**

President Obama has promised billions in stimulus funds to states that strengthen standards and improve testing results. Pricey and pragmatic, the incentives may help overcome lingering institutional resistance to No Child Left Behind. But if our ambitions extend beyond the hope that Johnny will master *Captain Underpants* by the fifth grade, and Manuel will complete two years of high school before he drops out, we need something more than a testing regime to guide our progress.

**The Making of Americans**
*Democracy and Our Schools*
by E.D. Hirsch Jr.
Yale, 288 pp., $25

Enter E.D. Hirsch Jr., the dogged and prescient reformer who has been working on the next big step in curriculum reform for more than two decades. This fascinating new book provides an evidence-based argument for the adoption of a strong, national K-8 core curriculum as the best foundation for college-level academic achievement, and the surest way to compensate for the cultural and linguistic deficits that contribute to school failure.

*The Making of Americans* covers a spectrum of topics: from American educational philosophy and linguistics to public policy and the culture wars. Hirsch is at his best when he guides readers through the mechanics of reading comprehension, pulling apart newspaper stories and textbook passages to show how "reading and writing require unspoken background knowledge silently assumed." If we want to produce strong readers and writers, he declares, "we cannot take a laissez-faire attitude to the content of early schooling. . . . We [must] specify much of that content." Though Americans may assume that such a curriculum is already in place, only a handful of states actually have moved toward standardizing the precise, grade-by-grade knowledge required to prepare students for the challenges of high school and beyond.

As Hirsch tells it, the founding fathers, and most prominent 19th-century educators, would disapprove of our weak, unfocused classroom routines. They expected the "common school" to emerge as a fulcrum of national unity and social equity. Rigorous instruction in grammar, history, and civic virtues would make the common school a proving ground for democratic coexistence, engendering a love of country and civic engagement within a "multiethnic" society.

> The American political experiment, which left everyone undisturbed in their private sphere, depended on a common public sphere that only the schools could create . . . a shared domain where all these different groups could meet as equals on common ground.

That sober vision held steady until the 1930s, when educators began to introduce a series of untested pedagogical

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theories and practices into American classrooms, gradually denuding the curriculum of its academic rigor and setting up students for failure in high school, when textbooks assume a level of knowledge students may not possess.

Hirsch has traversed some of this ground before. In 1988 his best-selling *Cultural Literacy: What Every American Needs to Know* warned of a disastrous generational decline in the basic knowledge of literature, history, science, and civic traditions that threatened our capacity to maintain a robust public debate on matters of national import. Over the past two decades, his Core Knowledge Foundation spearheaded the development of a precise K-8 sequence and inspired a national network of public and private schools that follow the guidelines.

Today, as Washington presses the states to close the achievement gap between mainstream and underprivileged students, this new book is designed to establish the connection between equality of opportunity and a national core curriculum that follows a predicable sequence taught throughout the land. At first glance, its thesis doesn't seem especially remarkable: While middle-class parents can and do find ways to compensate for their child's watered-down curriculum, poor and immigrant parents may lack the educational or linguistic background to do the same. Moreover, if general knowledge facilitates the mastery of more complex facts and skills, it follows that a robust core curriculum will have a beneficial impact on the achievement of disadvantaged students.

The rub—as Hirsch, a self-described political liberal, ruefully observes—is that the "tacit knowledge" that underpins adult literacy remains relatively "inert" and inherently "traditional." No surprise that the progressive scholars who set the agenda at our graduate schools of education oppose Hirsch's common core as a rear-guard effort to restore the Western canon and traditional pedagogical practices. In fact, of course, the K-8 Core Knowledge Sequence mandates the study of African-American authors and non-Western cultures and history, and Hirsch is open to a variety of instructional methods. But detractors are right to be suspicious: His proposal upends 80 years of educational fads, from the "anti-curriculum" movement, which embraced indirect, "natural" methods of transmitting knowledge, to the retreat from "rote memorization" and grammar instruction, to the replacement of classic tales of history and fiction with multicultural pabulum.

Beyond the academy, Hirsch's critics have argued that the speed of change virtually guarantees the obsolescence of any established curriculum: Elementary school class time would be better spent practicing "21st-century skills" such as "critical thinking." Hirsch responds that the mastery of skills arises through systematic engagement with material that illuminates human existence and reveals how the world works.

Casting a backward glance at the founders, Hirsch suggests that their vision of a "common school" was forged by a profound "anxiety" regarding the future of their beloved, but fragile, republic. During much of the 20th century, our ready embrace of new pedagogical fads reflected a deepening complacency regarding the nation's political and social stability. Hirsch's salutary message reminds us that the state of the union is irrevocably linked to the health of our schools. This remarkable book provides a wealth of ideas, research, and programs that can help us unleash the full revolutionary power of the common school. ♦

B&A

# Political Women

*The complications of gender in today's America.*

**BY SABRINA L. SCHAEFFER**

The hit television program *Mad Men* provides a remarkable (if exaggerated) portrayal of the sexism that once dominated the workplace, and defined much of mainstream society. The show is centered around an advertising agency in Manhattan in the early 1960s, where women—I mean, girls—work as secretaries until they find husbands, are left out of any meaningful conversation, and are treated largely as sexual objects.

*Mad Men*, of course, uses TV license; but there's no doubt that women have made tremendous strides, from business to medicine to media, shattered glass ceilings, and achieved levels of success no one working at Sterling Cooper—except, perhaps, Peggy Olson—would have imagined. Yet in politics, women have not quite found their footing. We have women representatives, senators, governors, and two women who figured prominently in the 2008 presidential race. But on balance, women are significantly underrepresented in American politics.

**You've Come a Long Way, Maybe**
*Sarah, Michelle, Hillary, and the Shaping of the New American Woman*
by Leslie Sanchez
Palgrave Macmillan, 224 pp., $25

Or, at least, that's what Leslie Sanchez maintains in *You've Come A Long Way, Maybe*—a catchy title commending the accomplishments of women leaders while recognizing the challenges that still confront women interested "in the arena." A communications consultant and political strategist, Sanchez herself has experienced no shortage of professional success; but her careful analyses of Hillary Clinton, Sarah Palin, and Michelle Obama remind readers that, while women have come a long way since the dawn of the modern feminist movement, women seeking

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public office share a daunting task.

As was made evident through the extensive dissections of Clinton's run for the presidential nomination, and Palin's push for the vice presidency, women candidates endure a level of hostility that would make most women (and men) run hard and fast back to the board room, operating room, or classroom. It was nasty, it was personal, and both Clinton and Palin suffered because of it. Some might say "that's politics" but Sanchez says *maybe*. It looks a lot like sexism, too, and deciding where to draw the line, she acknowledges, is the challenge. "Let's be clear," she writes, "sexism wasn't the overriding reason [Clinton] lost. Give credit where credit is due. Her opponent was better by nearly every measure." Yet it's hard to overlook the ruthless personal attacks that often came from friendly media outlets.

Discussion about Clinton's sex life and marriage, for example, was fair game. And one TV talking head seemed to outdo the next. One of the most uncomfortable moments Sanchez relays is an interview Keith Olbermann of MSNBC conducted with *Newsweek*'s Howard Fineman about ways to encourage Clinton to drop out of the race. Fineman said that it was going to take "some adults somewhere in the Democratic party to step in [and] stop this thing," to which Olbermann replied, "Right. Somebody who can take her into a room and only he comes out."

As Sanchez notes, can anyone imagine the response if that same comment had been made about "taking" Barack Obama into a back room? For all the egregious attacks Clinton endured, however, Sarah Palin suffered a more brutal beating. What started as discussions about her good looks devolved quickly—and at times uncomfortably—into running commentary on her clothing, intelligence, marital status, and career/home balancing act. And as Sanchez explains, it wasn't only Palin's critics doing the talking: Many conservative men seemed to be gaga for Palin, and a comment about her appearance prefaced too many statements about her. Sanchez doesn't whitewash Palin's limitations, or those of the McCain campaign. Palin's "fall was her own campaign's doing," she says, but "it was aided and abetted by an undercurrent of sexism that just wouldn't go away."

What Sanchez sees as most egregious about the treatment of Clinton and Palin is the extent to which other *women* contributed to (or were complicit in) personal attacks. "Clinton and Palin were running for the two highest offices in the land," she writes, "but, somehow, their candidacies turned us into mean girls." Women created Facebook groups such as "Women Against Sarah Palin," "*Intelligent* Women Against Sarah Palin," and "Stop Hillary Clinton: One Million Strong AGAINST Hillary."

Is politics really harder on women, or could we expect to see just as much browbeating with a "controversial" male candidate? Could a more perfect female candidate—and not "perfect" in terms of looks or age or even ideology—succeed at this men's game? It's hard to say. But as Sanchez asks, "What are the qualities the next female candidate for president or vice president will need to embody in order either to reflect most broadly the common life experience of women—or to transcend it in a way that is acceptable or appealing to the majority of women?"

*Sarah Palin at Camp Buehring, Kuwait, 2007*

What is clear is that running for public office, even serving as First Lady, places onerous demands on women. Campaigns for women are a complicated equation in which they are constantly forced to balance new variables. The debate over a woman's proper role in society has never been more conspicuous than in politics. Clinton and Palin were both forced to refashion themselves in ways that would please multiple demographics. Some women identified with Sarah Palin because she seemed like one of them: a small-town girl, wife, and mother. Others vilified her because she is a pro-life, practicing Christian who supports gun rights. Older women identified with Hillary Clinton, but by focusing her campaign so heavily on experience, she failed to forge a connection with younger women. And while Michelle Obama did not run for public office, she shares a similar challenge of seeking to appeal to all women everywhere.

It's hard not to agree with Sanchez that a not-so-subtle layer of sexism tainted the 2008 presidential campaign. And it's equally notable that, while women are *influencers* in politics—consider the list of recent White House press secretaries, including Dee Dee Myers and Dana Perino—relatively few women are actually *decision makers*. Are we too quick to assume that a deficit of women in public office means that sexism is still to blame? Are we overlooking an important symbol of success? Perhaps the fact that women do *not* make up the majority of our political leaders—as Sanchez indicates they do in some other places—ought to be seen not as a failure but an achievement. The fact is that women have so many other lucrative professional opportunities—even in once male-dominated areas—that many women may be choosing *not* to enter a world in which they become a media spectacle. Perhaps there is something fundamental about politics that makes it *less* appealing to women than other professions.

This is not to say that women are not aggressive, or cannot compete in the political arena; it is simply a reminder, as if we need one, that men and women are different. Either way, the kind of abuse Clinton and Palin endured is inexcusable and should make men and women—Republicans and Democrats—squirm with discomfort. And the fact that so many other good options exist for women in America means that, when a candidate's personal life generates more attention than her policy prescriptions, we're going to see fewer women running for public office. ♦



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***"President Obama may have a thing or two to learn from Tiger Woods' golf game, according to an upcoming article in the January edition of* Golf Digest*.... The magazine cover is a photoshopped image of Tiger Woods in a caddy's outfit posed behind President Obama as he judges a putt."***

**—ABCnews.com, *December 1, 2009***

GAMECHANGERS

# 10 TIPS FROM TIGER

1. One word: Prenup.
2. Transparency? Are you serious? Try to keep most things private, whether it be marital problems, the names of your mistresses, why you fired Greg Craig, your citizenship, your religion.
3. Don't forget to tip your waitresses. Particularly the ones at New York City nightclubs.
4. You'd think a Cadillac Escalade would protect you from minor fender benders like hitting a fire hydrant and a neighbor's tree, but you'd be wrong.
5. Selecting a caddy is like selecting a VP. You want someone to advise you, someone to trust, and someone who keeps his mouth shut lest he say something embarrassing that needs clarification.
6. Remind the press how much you love your wife. Call her things like "courageous," especially when she smashes the window of your SUV to "rescue" you. (She means well, even if shards of glass go flying in your face.)
7. When confronted by a hostile press, fight back. Keep a list. Start calling the more annoying networks "not real news organizations." Oh wait, I think *you* gave *me* that advice.
8. Scandinavian supermodels are awesome. Except when they get on your case about extramarital affairs.
9. There's no better feeling than that perfect stroke and getting your shot in the hole. This was actually passed on to me from President Clinton.
10. Image is everything. Just keep smiling and looking confident even if the world around you is falling apart. In the end, it will all work out. I really hope I'm right about this one.

GOLF DIGEST



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